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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

ALL'S WELL, *that* ENDS WELL.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: *Or*, What you will.
The COMEDY *of* ERRORS.
The WINTER-NIGHT'S TALE.
The LIFE *and* DEATH *of King* JOHN.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman* and *T. Shewell*, *H. Lintott*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonson* and *S. Draper*, *R. Wellington*, *E. New*, and *B. Dod*.

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ERRATA.

Page 29. l. penult. *for* tegether *read* together. p. 77. l. 16. *for* I *read* I'll. p. 81. l. 29. *for* I'll *read* I'd. p. 144. l. 21. *for* it is *read* is his. p. 164. l. 31. *for* and he muſt *read* and his muſt. p. 217. l. 36. *for* in *read* as. p. 225. l. 17. *for* trying *read* tyring. p. 360. l. 17. *for* Col. *read* Clo. p. 424. l. penult. *for* buy *read* by. p. 469. l. 31. *for* an *read* on.

ALL's WELL,

THAT

ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of* Rouſillon.
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of* Bertram; *a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.*
Several young French *Lords, that ſerve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, } *Servants to the Counteſs of* Rouſillon.
Clown, }

Counteſs of Rouſillon, *mother to* Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to* Gerard de Narbon, *a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *Neighbours, and friends to the widow.*
Mariana, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE *lies partly in* France, *and, partly in* Tuſcany.

ALL'S *Well, that* ENDS *Well.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Countess of Rousillon's *House in* France.

Enter Bertram, *the Countess of* Rousillon, Helena, *and* Lafeu, *all in Mourning.*

COUNTESS.

IN dissevering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He, that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to

1 *In* DELIVERING *my son* from *me* ——] To *deliver from*, in the sense of *giving up*, is not English. *Shakespear* wrote, *in* DISSEVERING *my son from me* —— The following Words, too, —— *I bury a second husband* —— demand this reading. For to *dissever* implies a violent divorce; and therefore might be compared to the *burying a husband*; which, *delivering* does not.

you; [2] whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than ſlack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. [3] This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a Preſage 'tis!) whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly:

2 *whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than* lack *it where there is ſuch abundance.*] An Oppoſition of Terms is viſibly deſign'd in this ſentence; tho' the Oppoſition is not ſo viſible, as the Terms now ſtand. *Wanted* and *Abundance* are the Oppoſites to one another; but how is *lack* a Contraſt to *ſtir up?* The Addition of a ſingle Letter gives it, and the very Senſe requires it. Read *ſlack it.*

3 *This young gentlewoman* had *a father* (*O, that* had! *how ſad a* PASSAGE *'tis!*] *Lafeu* was ſpeaking of the King's deſperate Condition: which makes the Counteſs recall to mind the deceaſed *Gerard de Narbon*, who, ſhe thinks, could have cured him. But in uſing the word *had*, which implied his death, ſhe ſtops in the middle of her ſentence, and makes a reflexion upon it, which, according to the preſent reading, is unintelligible. We muſt therefore believe *Shakeſpear* wrote (*O that* had! how ſad a PRESAGE 'tis) *i. e.* a *Preſage* that the King muſt now expect no cure, ſince ſo skilful a Perſon was himſelf forced to ſubmit to a malignant diſtemper.

he

he was skilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Count. His ſole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her; diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for [4] where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there, commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

4 *where an unclean mind carries* virtuous *qualities, there, commendations go with pity; they are Virtues and Traitors too: in her they are the better for* THEIR *ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.*] This obſcure encomium is made ſtill more obſcure by a ſlight corruption of the text. Let us explain the paſſage as it lies. By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition; in the ſame ſenſe that the *Italians* ſay, *qualità virtuoſa*; and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, ſhe ſays, that, in an *ill mind*, theſe *virtuous qualities are virtues and traitors too:* i. e. the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedneſs than it could have done without them: But, ſays the Counteſs, *in her they are the better for* THEIR *ſimpleneſs*. But *ſimpleneſs* is the ſame with what is called *honeſty*, immediately after; which cannot be predicated of the qualities of education. We muſt certainly read

HER *ſimpleneſs*

And then the ſentence is properly concluded. The Counteſs had ſaid, that *virtuous qualities* are the worſe for an *unclean mind*, but concludes that *Helen*'s are the *better for her ſimpleneſs*. i. e. her clean, pure mind. She then ſums up the Character, ſhe had before given in detail, in theſe words, *ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs, i. e.* She derives her *honeſty*, her *ſimpleneſs*, her moral Character, from her Father and Anceſtors: But ſhe atchieves or wins her *goodneſs*, her *virtue*, or her qualities of good-breeding and erudition, by her own pains and labour.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. [5] If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſt, *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewel, my lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

5 *If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.*] This ſeems very obſcure; but the addition of a Negative perfectly diſpels all the miſt. *If the living be* not *enemy*, &c. exceſſive grief is an enemy to the living, ſays *Lafeu:* Yes, replies the Counteſs; and if the living be not enemy to the grief, [i. e. ſtrive to conquer it,] the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Count.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewel, *Bertram.*
[*Exit Counteſs.*

Ber. [*To.* Hel.] The beſt wiſhes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all! —— I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more,
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram*'s.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:
In his bright radiance [6] and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour! ——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks. Who comes here!

6 —— *and* collateral light.] *collateral* for *reflected*. i. e. in the radiance of his *reflected* light; not in his *ſphere*, or *direct* light. *Milton* uſes the word, in the ſame ſenſe, ſpeaking of the Son,
—— *Of high* collateral *Glory*. Book 10. v. 86.

Enter Parolles.

One, that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
" And yet I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
" Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
" That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind;" full oft we ſee
[7] Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no. ——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have ſome [8] ſtain of ſoldier in you; let me ask you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, tho' valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! —— Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe

7 Cold *wiſdom waiting on* ſuperfluous *folly.*] *Cold* for naked; as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloath'd. This makes the propriety of the Antitheſis.

8 Stain *of ſoldier*] *ſtain* for colour. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble bee.*

your

your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, 'till virginity was firſt loſt. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. As [9] he, that hangs himſelf, ſo is a virgin: 'virginity murthers itſelf, and ſhould be buried in 'highways out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate 'offendreſs againſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, 'much like a cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very 'paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach. 'Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of 'ſelf-love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the 'canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe 'by't. Out with't; within ten years it will make 'itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the 'principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

9 *He, that hangs himſelf, is a Virgin:*] But why is he that hangs himſelf a Virgin? Surely, not for the reaſon that follows, *Virginity murders itſelf.* For tho' every Virgin be a Suicide, yet every Suicide is not a Virgin. A word or two are dropt, which introduced a compariſon in this place; and *Shakeſpear* wrote it thus,

AS *he, that hangs himſelf,* SO *is a Virgin.*

And then it follows naturally, *Virginity murders itſelf.* By this emendation, the *Oxford Editor* was enabled to alter the Text thus,

He that hangs himſelf is like a Virgin.

And this is his uſual way of becoming a Critick at a cheap expence.

Par.

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion: richly ſuted, but unſutable; juſt like the brooch and the toothpick, which we wear not now: your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend,
[1] [A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign,
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendoms,
That blinking *Cupid* goſſips. Now ſhall he —]

1 *A Phœnix, Captain,* &c.] The eight following lines between the hooks, I am perſuaded is the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh conceited Player. What put it into his head was *Helen*'s ſaying, as it ſhould be read for the future,

There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand loves;
A Mother, *and a* Miſtreſs, *and a* Friend.
I know not, what he ſhall —— God ſend him well.

Where the Fellow finding a *thouſand* loves ſpoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, namely a *Mother*'s, a *Miſtreſs*'s, and a *Friend*'s, (which, by the way, were all a judicious Writer could mention; for there are but theſe three ſpecies of love in Nature) he would help out the number, by the intermediate nonſenſe: and, becauſe they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole ſuch finiſhed nonſenſe as is never heard out of *Bedlam*.

I know not, what he ſhall — God ſend him well! —
The court's a learning place — and he is one —

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well — 'tis pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that We the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends:
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little *Helen*, farewel; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars?*

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, [2] is a virtue of a good ming, and I like the wear well.

2 *is a virtue of a good* WING, *and I like the* wear *well.*] The integrity of the metaphor directs us to *Shakeſpear*'s true reading; which, doubtleſs, was — a good MING, i. e. mixture, *compoſition*, a word common to *Shakeſpear* and the writers of this age; and taken from the texture of cloth. The *M* was turn'd the wrong way at the preſs, and from thence came the blunder.

Par.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes; as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewel. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good husband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes; and kiſs, like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The King's diſeaſe — my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Flouriſh Cornets. Enter the King of France *with letters, and divers Attendants.*

King. THE *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 'tis reported, Sir.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin *Auſtria*;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And *Florence* is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count *Rouſillon*, my good lord, young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,

Hath

Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to *Paris*.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.
King. I would, I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did [3] haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
[4] Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
[5] So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him

3 —— *haggiſh* age *ſteal on,*] *age,* which debilitates; alluding to the ſuperſtitions of being hagridden in the Epialtis; which coming gradually on, it was ſaid, the witch *ſtole upon* them.

4 *Ere they can hide their levity in honour:*] i. e. ere their titles can cover the levity of their behaviour, and make it paſs for deſert. The *Oxford* Editor, not underſtanding this, alters the line to

Ere they can wye their levity with his honour.

5 *So like a Courtier, no Contempt or Bitterneſs*
Were in his *Pride or Sharpneſs; if* they *were,*
His Equal had awak'd them.——] This Paſſage is ſo very incorrectly pointed, that the Author's Meaning is loſt. As the Text and Stops are reform'd, theſe are moſt beautiful Lines, and the Senſe is this —— "He had no *Contempt* or *Bitterneſs*; if he "had any thing that look'd like *Pride* or *Sharpneſs*, (of which "Qualities Contempt and Bitterneſs are the Exceſſes,) his Equal "had awak'd them, not his Inferior; to whom he ſcorn'd to "diſcover any thing that bore the Shadow of Pride or Sharp-"neſs."

He

[6] He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
[7] Making them proud; and his humility,
In their poor praiſe, he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof [8] lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal ſpeech. [ſay,

King. 'Would, I were with him! he would always
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear;) Let me not live,—
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,) let me not live, (quoth he,)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Meer fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions:——this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
(Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,)
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive.

6 *He us'd as creatures of another place,*] i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. The *Oxford* Editor, not underſtanding the Senſe, has altered *another place*, to a *Brother-race*.

7 *Making them proud* OF *his humility,*
In their poor praiſe, he humbled——] But why were they proud of his Humility? It ſhould be read and pointed thus.
—— *Making them proud*; AND *his Humility,*
In their poor praiſe, he humbled———
i. e. by condeſcending to ſtoop to his Inferiors, he exalted them and made them *proud*; and, in the gracious receiving their *poor praiſe*, he *humbled* even his *humility*. The Sentiment is fine.

8 *lives not his* epitaph,] *epitaph* for character.

To

To give some [9] labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;——
Lend me an arm;—— the rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Countess's at Rousillon.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I WILL now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, Sirrah: the complaints, I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for, I know, [1] you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo.

9 *labourers room.*] We should read *labourer*, i. e. an active successor.

1 *you lack not folly to* commit *them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries* YOURS.] Well, but if he had folly to *commit* them, he neither wanted knavery, nor any thing else, sure, to *make* them *his own*. This nonsense should be read, *To make such*

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but, if I have your ladyſhip's good will to go to the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbel*'s caſe, and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and, I think, I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, 'till I have Iſſue of my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the Fleſh; and he muſt needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, that I may repent.

ſuch knaveries YARE; nimble, dextrous, *i. e.* Tho' you be fool enough to commit knaveries, yet you have quickneſs enough to commit them dextrouſly: for this obſervation was to let us into his character. But now, tho' this be ſet right, and, I dare ſay, in *Shakeſpear*'s own words, yet the former part of the ſentence will ſtill be inaccurate—*you lack not folly to commit* THEM. Them, what? the ſenſe requires *knaveries*, but the antecedent referr'd to, is *complaints*. But this was certainly a negligence of *Shakeſpear*'s, and therefore to be left as we find it. And the reader, who cannot ſee that this is an inaccuracy which the Author might well commit, and the other what he never could, has either read *Shakeſpear* very little, or greatly miſpent his pains. The principal office of a critick is to diſtinguiſh between theſe two things. But 'tis that branch of criticiſm which no precepts can teach the writer to diſcharge, or the reader to judge of.

Count. Thy marriage, ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of; he, that eares my land, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he, that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he, that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he, that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he, that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyſam* the papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. [2] A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.

" For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall find;
" Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings by kind.

2 *A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.*] It is a ſuperſtition, which has run through all ages and people, that *natural fools* have ſomething in them of divinity. On which account they were eſteemed ſacred: Travellers tell us in what eſteem the *Turks* now hold them; nor had they leſs honour paid them heretofore in *France*, as appears from the old word *Benêt*, for a *natural fool*. Hence it was that *Pantagruel*, in *Rablais*, adviſed *Panurge* to go and conſult the fool *Triboulet* as an oracle; which gives occaſion to a ſatirical Stroke upon the privy council of *Francis* the Firſt.—*Par l'avis, conſeil*, prediction *des fols vos ſçavez quants princes, &c. ont eſté conſervez*, &c.—The phraſe—*ſpeak the truth the next way*, means *directly*; as they do who are only the inſtruments or *canals* of others; ſuch as inſpired perſons were ſuppoſed to be.

Count.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; *Helen* I mean.

Clo. [3] "Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe, [*Singing.*

"Why the *Grecians* ſacked *Troy?*
"Fond done, fond done; for *Paris*, he,
"Was this King *Priam*'s joy.
"With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
"And gave this ſentence then;
"[4] Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the ſong, Sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o'th' ſong: 'would, God would ſerve the

3 *Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,*
Why the Grecians *ſacked* Troy?
Fond done, fond done;
Was this King Priam's *joy.*] This is a Stanza of an old ballad, out of which a word or two are dropt, equally neceſſary to make the ſenſe and the alternate rhime. For it was not *Helen*, who was King *Priam*'s joy, but *Paris*. The third line therefore ſhould be read thus,

Fond done, fond done, FOR PARIS, HE.

4 *Among nine bad if one be good,*
There's yet one good in ten.] This ſecond ſtanza of the ballad is turned to a joke upon the women: a confeſſion, that there was one good in ten. Whereon the Counteſs obſerved, that he corrupted the ſong; which ſhews the ſong ſaid, *Nine good in ten.*

If one be bad amongſt nine good,
There's but one bad in ten.

This relates to the ten ſons of *Priam*, who all behaved themſelves well but *Paris*. For, tho' he once had fifty, yet at this unfortunate period of his reign he had but ten; *Agathon*, *Antiphon*, *Deiphobus*, *Dius*, *Hector*, *Helenus*, *Hippothous*, *Pemmon*, *Paris*, and *Polites*.

world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the Parſon; one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart: I am going, forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Helen* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds; there is more owing her, than is paid; and more ſhall be paid her, than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her, than, I think, ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon; Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no Goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [5] *Diana*, no Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight to be ſurpriz'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in;

5 *Diana* added by Mr. *Theobald.*

which

which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor miſdoubt; pray you, leave me; ſtall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon. [*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me, when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
[6] Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now. ——

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable miſtreſs.

Count. Nay, a Mother?
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought, you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother;

6 *Such were our faults,* OR *then we thought them none*] We ſhould read,

——— *O! then we thought them none.*

A motive for pity and pardon; agreeable to fact, and the indulgent character of the ſpeaker. This was ſent to the *Oxford* Editor, and he altered *O,* to *tho'*.

And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
[7] A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſt me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care:
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd *Iris*, rounds thine eyes?
Why, —— that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count *Rouſillon* cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd, name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant live, and will his vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother. ——
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, Madam; 'would you were,
(So that my lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother! [8] —— or were you both our mothers
(I can no more fear, than I do fear heav'n,)
So

7 *A native ſlip to us from foreign* ſeeds.] The integrity of the metaphor requires we ſhould read STEADS, *i. e.* ſtocks, ſtools, (as they are called by the gardeners,) from whence young *ſlips* or ſuckers are propagated. And it is not unlikely that *Shakeſpear* might write it ſo.

8 —— *or were you both our mothers*
I CARE *no more* FOR, *than I do* FOR *heav'n*,
So I were not his ſiſter:] The ſecond line has not the leaſt glimmering of ſenſe. *Helen*, by the indulgence and invitation of her miſtreſs, is encouraged to diſcover the hidden cauſe of her grief; which is the love of her miſtreſs's ſon; and taking hold of her miſtreſs's words, where ſhe bids her call her *mother*, ſhe unfolds the

So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?—
Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield, you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe! what, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.---Now I ſee
[9] The myſtery of your lonelineſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay, thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th'other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my ſon?
Hel. Your pardon, noble miſtreſs.
Count. Love you my ſon?
Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,

the *myſtery:* and, as ſhe is diſcovering it, emboldens herſelf by this reflexion, in the line in queſtion, as it ought to be read in a parentheſis,

(*I* CAN *no more* FEAR, *than I do* FEAR *heav'n,*)

i. e. I can no more fear to truſt ſo indulgent a miſtreſs with the ſecret than I can fear heav'n who has my vows for its happy iſſue. This break, in her diſcovery, is exceeding pertinent and fine. Here again the *Oxford Editor* does his part.

9 *The myſtery of your* lovelineſs,] We ſhould read *lonelineſs*, or delight in ſolitude, as is the humour of lovers.

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon:
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love;
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be.
I know, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill; thus, *Indian*-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My deareſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both herſelf and love; O then, give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that, which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly, where ſhe dies.
Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to *Paris?*
Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by Grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading

And

And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings, whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, ſpeak?

Hel. My lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts,
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you ſhould tender your [1] ſuppoſed aid,
He would receive it? he and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when [2] the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. [3] There's ſomething hints
More than my father's skill, (which was the great'ſt

1 ——*ſuppoſed aid,*] *ſuppoſed* for propping, ſupporting.

2 —— —— *the ſchools*
Embowell'd *of their doctrine,*——] the expreſſion is beautifully ſatirical, and implies, that the theories of the ſchools are ſpun out of the bowels of the profeſſors, like the cobwebs of the ſpider.

3 *There's ſomething* IN'T
More than my father's skill ———
——— that *his good receipt*, &c.] Here is an inference, [*that*] without any thing preceeding, to which it refers, which makes the ſentence vicious, and ſhews that we ſhould read,
There's ſomething HINTS
More than my father's skill, ———
——— *that his good receipt* ——
i. e. I have a ſecret premonition or preſage.

Of

Of his Profeſſion,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's Cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believ't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou ſhalt have my leave and love;

Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of FRANCE.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine *war.* Bertram *and* Parolles.
Flouriſh Cornets.

KING.

FArewel, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewel;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs, it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege; farewel, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy *Frenchmen*; [1] let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe 'bated, that inherit but the Fall
Of the laſt Monarchy;) ſee, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt Queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That Fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewel.

2 *Lord*. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*,——take heed of them;
They ſay, our *French* lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [*To Attendants*.

[*Exit*.

1 *Lord*. Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!——

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark ———

2 *Lord*. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

1 ——— —— *let higher* Italy
(*Thoſe bated, that inherit but the Fall*
Of the laſt Monarchy;) *ſee*, &c.] This is obſcure. *Italy*, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The emperor, as ſucceſſor of the *Roman* emperors, had one part; the pope, by a pretended donation from *Conſtantine*, another; and the third was compos'd of free ſtates. Now by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the *Roman*, the laſt of the four general monarchies. Upon the fall of this monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities ſet up for themſelves, and became free ſtates: now theſe might be ſaid properly to *inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy. This being premiſed, let us now conſider ſenſe. The King ſays, *higher* Italy; —— giving it the rank of preference to *France*; but he corrects himſelf and ſays, I except thoſe from that precedency, who only inherit the fall of the laſt monarchy; as all the little petty ſtates; for inſtance, *Florence* to whom theſe voluntiers were going. As if he had ſaid, I give the place of honour to the emperor and the pope, but not to the free ſtates.

Par.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*——

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
'Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? by heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewel.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewel, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles!*——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the *Spinii*, one captain *Spurio* with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble captain.

Par. *Mars* doat on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for [2] they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there, to muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence

2 *they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there,* DO *muſter true gate*, &c.] The main obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from the miſtake of a ſingle letter. We ſhould read, inſtead of, *do muſter*, TO *muſter*. ——*To wear themſelves in the cap of the time*, ſignifies to be the foremoſt in the faſhion: the figurative alluſion is to the galantry

influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar; and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewel.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King, and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands, that hath bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneel'd, my Lord, to ask me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would, I had; ſo I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:——but, my good Lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have ſeen a *medicine*,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King *Pepin*, nay,
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

galantry then in vogue, of wearing jewels, flowers, and their miſtreſs's favours in their caps. —— *there to muſter true gate*, ſignifies to aſſemble tegether in the high road of the faſhion. All the reſt is intelligible and eaſy.

Laf.

Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, [3] her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdom and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her Demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafeu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* Lafeu.

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in* Helena.

King. This haſte hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm *Creſſid*'s uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair One, do's your buſineſs follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death

3 — *her years, profeſſion,*] By *profeſſion* is meant her declaration of the end and purpoſe of her coming.

Many

Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th'only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate: we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empericks; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.

Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown

From

From ſimple ſources; and great-ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.
King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
Maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd:
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
[4] Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,

4 *Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim*;] *i. e.* pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my condition.

A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King. [5] Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed Spirit doth ſpeak:
His power full ſounds within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
[6] Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet Practiſer, thy phyſick I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?

5 *Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak*
His powerful ſound, *within an organ weak*;] *To ſpeak a ſound* is a barbariſm: For *to ſpeak* ſignifies to utter an *articulate* ſound, *i. e.* a voice. So *Shakeſpear*, in *Love's Labour Loſt*, ſays with propriety, *And when love* ſpeaks *the* voice *of all the Gods*. To *ſpeak* a *ſound* therefore is improper, tho' to *utter* a *ſound* is not; becauſe the word *utter* may be applied either to an articulate or inarticulate. Beſides, the conſtruction is vicious with the two ablatives, *in thee*, and, *within an organ weak*. The lines therefore ſhould be thus read and pointed,

Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak:
His power full *ſounds within an organ* weak.

But the *Oxford* Editor would be only ſo far beholden to this emendation, as to enable him to make ſenſe of the lines another way, whatever become of the rules of criticiſm or ingenuous dealing.

It *powerful ſounds within an organ weak.*

6 *Youth, Beauty, wiſdom, courage, all*] The verſe wants a foot. VIRTUE, by miſchance, has dropt out of the line.

King. [7] Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What Husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the royal blood of *France*;
My low and humble name to propagate
[8] With any branch or impage of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to beſtow.
King. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Tho' more to know, could not be more to truſt:)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.
[*Exeunt.*

7 King. *Make thy demand.*
Hel. *But will you make it even!*
King. *Ay, by my ſcepter and my hopes of* help.] The King could have but a very ſlight hope of *help* from her, ſcarce enough to ſwear by: and therefore *Helen* might ſuſpect he meant to equivocate with her. Beſides, obſerve, the greateſt part of the ſcene is ſtrictly in rhyme, and there is no ſhadow of reaſon why it ſhould be interrupted here. I rather imagine the poet wrote,
Ay, by my ſcepter, and my hopes of heaven. Dr. *Thirlby.*

8 *With any* branch *or* IMAGE *of thy ſtate:*] *Shakeſpear* unqueſtionably wrote IMPAGE, grafting. IMPE a graff, or ſlip, or ſucker: by which ſhe means one of the ſons of *France*. So *Caxton* calls our Prince *Arthur, that noble* IMPE *of fame.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. COME on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know, my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your taffaty punk, as *Tib*'s ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tueſday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier;—— it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. [9] *O lord, Sir* —— there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir — thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir —— nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whip'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir —— ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and ſpare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my—O lord, Sir; I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir — why, there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

9 *O lord, Sir,*] A ridicule on that fooliſh expletive of ſpeech then in vogue at court.

Clo.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much imployment for you, you underſtand me.

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. THEY ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing our ſelves into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to an [1] unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts——

[2] *Par.* So I ſay, both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick Fellows——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf.

1 *unknown fear.*] *Unknown* for ſupernatural.

2 Par. *So I ſay, both of* Galen *and* Paracelſus.

Laf. *Of all the* learned *and* authentick *fellows.*] *Shakeſpear*, as I have often obſerved, never throws out his words at random. *Paracelſus*, tho' no better than an ignorant and knaviſh enthuſiaſt was at this time in ſuch vogue, even amongſt the learned, that he had almoſt juſtled *Galen* and the ancients out of credit. On this account *learned* is applied to *Galen*; and *authentick* or faſhionable to *Paracelſus*. *Sancy*, in his *Confeſſion Catholique*, p. 301. *Ed. Col.* 1720, is made to ſay, *Je trouve la Riviere premier Medecin, de meilleure humeur que ces gens-la. Il eſt bon* Ga-

Laf. Not to be help'd, ———

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an ———

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death, ———

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in, what do you call there ———

Laf. [3] *A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.*

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect ——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the ———

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak ——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; [4] which should, indeed, give us * * * a farther use to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King; as to be ———

Laf. Generally thankful.

leniſte, & *tres bon* Paracelſiſte. *Il dit que la doctrine de* Galien *eſt honorable, & non meſpriſable pour la pathologie, & profitable pour les Boutiques. L'autre, pourveu que ce ſoit de vrais preceptes de* Paracelſe, *eſt* bonne à ſuivre pour la verité, pour la ſubtilité, pour l'eſpargne; en ſomme pour la Therapeutique.

3 *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect*, &c.] The title of ſome pamphlet here ridiculed.

4 *which ſhould, indeed, give us a farther uſe to be made*, &c.] Between the words *us* and *a farther*, there ſeems to have been two or three words dropt, which appear to have been to this purpoſe —*ſhould, indeed, give us* [notice, that there is of this,] *a farther uſe to be made* —— ſo that the paſſage ſhould be read with aſterisks for the future.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Helena, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well: here comes the King.

Laf. Luſtick, as the *Dutchman* ſays: I'll like a Maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a Corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this *Helen?*

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go, call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.——

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——

Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
[5] Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, *Dian*, from thy altar do I fly,
[6] And to impartial *Love*, that God moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream: Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir; — all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great Love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? if they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would ſend them to the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure, they are baſtards to the *Engliſh*, the *French* ne'er got 'em.

5 *Let the white* DEATH *ſit on thy cheek for ever,*] *Shakeſpear*, I think, wrote DEARTH; *i. e.* want of blood, or more figuratively barrenneſs, want of fruit or iſſue.

6 *And to* IMPERIAL Love,] The old editions read IMPARTIAL, which is right. Love who has no regard to difference of condition, but yokes together high and low, which was her caſe.

Hel.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.
4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.
7 *Laf.* There's one grape yet, ——
Par. I am ſure, thy father drunk wine.——
Laf. But if thou be'eſt not an aſs, I am a
Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.
Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power: this is the man.
[*To* Bertram.
King. Why then; young *Bertram*, take her, ſhe's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*,
What ſhe hath done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.
King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.
Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife! — Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!
King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt
A poor phyſician's daughter,) thou diſlik'ſt

7 *There's one grape yet,——*] I have here regulated the ſpeeches as they ought to be.

Of

Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place (*a*) when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; [8] good alone
Is good; and, with a name, vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. [9] She is good, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,

And

8 —— —— *good alone,*
Is good without a name. Vileneſs is ſo:] The text is here corrupted into nonſenſe. We ſhould read
—— —— —— *good alone*
Is good; and, with a name, vileneſs is ſo.
i. e. good is good, tho' there be no addition of title; and vileneſs is vileneſs, tho' there be. The *Oxford* Editor, underſtanding nothing of this, ſtrikes out *vileneſs* and puts in its place, *in'tſelf.*

9 —— *She is* YOUNG, *wiſe, fair;*
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour;——] The objection was, that *Helen* had neither riches nor title: To this the King replies, ſhe's *the* immediate heir of nature, from whom ſhe inherits youth, wiſdom, and beauty. The thought is fine. For by the *immediate* heir to nature, we muſt underſtand one who inherits wiſdom and beauty in a ſupreme degree. From hence it appears that *young* is a faulty reading, for that does not, like wiſdom and beauty, admit of different degrees of excellence; therefore ſhe could not, with regard to *that*, be ſaid to be the *immediate* heir of nature; for in *that* ſhe was only joint-heir with all the reſt of her ſpecies. Beſides, tho' *wiſdom* and *beauty* may *breed honour*, yet *youth* cannot be ſaid to do ſo. On the contrary, it is *age* which has this advantage. It ſeems probable that ſome fooliſh player when he tranſcribed this part, not apprehending the thought, and wondring to find *youth* not reckoned amongſt the good qualities of a woman when ſhe was propoſed to a lord, and not conſidering that it was compriſed in the word *fair*, foiſted in *young*, to the excluſion of a word much more to the purpoſe. For I make no queſtion but *Shakeſpear* wrote,

—— *She is* GOOD, *wiſe, fair.*

For

[(*a*) —— *when, Dr.* Thirlby — vulg *whence.*]

And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debaucht on every tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; [1] and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe,
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go. ———

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to (*a*) defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift!
That doth in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;

For the greateſt part of her encomium turned upon her virtue. To omit this therefore in the recapitulation of her qualities, had been againſt all the rules of good ſpeaking. Nor let it be objected that this is requiring an exactneſs in our author which we ſhould not expect. For he who could reaſon with the force our author doth here, (and we ought always to diſtinguiſh between *Shakeſpear* on his guard and in his rambles) and illuſtrate that reaſoning with ſuch beauty of thought and propriety of expreſſion, could never make uſe of a word which quite deſtroyed the exactneſs of his reaſoning, the propriety of his thought, and the elegance of his expreſſion.

1 Commas and points here ſet exactly right by Mr. *Theobald.*

[(*a*) —— *defend, Mr.* Theobald —— vulg. *defeat.*]

Believe

Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
[2] The priſed of the King; who, ſo enobled,
Is, as 'twere, born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Parolles *and* Lafeu.

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

2 *The* PRAISED *of the King*;] We ſhould read PRISED, *i. e.* valued, held in eſtimation, and anſwers to *moſt baſe* in the preceding line.

Laf.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?——my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Rouſſillon?*

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfie you, you are too old ——

Laf. I muſt tell thee, Sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs; yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee ———

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy tryal; which if, ——— Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look thro' thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer ———

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would, it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: [3] for doing, I am paſt; * * * as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. [4] Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord! —— well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of — I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

3 *for doing I am paſt; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.*] Here is a line loſt after *paſt*; ſo that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a break with aſterisks. The very words of the loſt line it is impoſſible to retrieve; but the ſenſe is obvious enough. *For doing I am paſt*; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour, yet I have ſtill enough to ſhew the world I can do myſelf right, *as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the beſt manner] *age will give me leave.*

4 *Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me;*] This the poet makes *Parolles* ſpeak alone; and this is nature. A coward would try to hide his poltroonry even from himſelf. —— An ordinary writer would have been glad of ſuch an opportunity to bring him to confeſſion.

Re-

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's news for you: you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think, thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcy with lords and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.—— Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart?

Ber.

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me:
I'll to the *Tuſcan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: to th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars*'s fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe *Italian* fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.—
'Tis hard;
A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King hath done you wrong: but, huſh! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health; ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony, I would, ſhe did, as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue [5] ſpeaks out his maſter's undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

5 SHAKES *out his maſter's undoing:*] We ſhould read SPEAKS *out.* This is to prepare us for *Parolles*'s diſgrace.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave, th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave: this had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me? the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
[6] And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o'th' King.
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding;
Strengthen'd with what apology, you think,
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo: [*Exit* Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, Sirrah. [*To* Clown.

[*Exeunt.*

6 *And pleaſure drown the brim.*] Metaphor taken from an overflowing cup. It is one of the boldeſt and nobleſt expreſſions in all *Shakeſpear.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope, your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; I, Sir, he, Sir's, a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride —— and ere I do begin ——

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lyes three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten —— God ſave you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not, how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. [7] You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be, you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence: I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewel, Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I ſwear. ——

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſs. Here comes my clog.

SCENE XI.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only, he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, *Helen*, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does

7 *You have made ſhift to run into't*, boots *and* ſpurs *and all, like him that* leapt *into the* cuſtard.] It was a foolery practis'd at city-entertainments, whilſt the *Jeſter* or *Zany* was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep cuſtard: ſet for the purpoſe. Mr. *Theobald.*

The

The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs; therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than ask, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter,*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out That,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let That go:
My haſte is very great. Farewel; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much—— nothing,
indeed—— [yes;—
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord—'faith,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.
Ber. I pray you, ſtay not: but in haſte to horſe.
Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my
Lord. [*Exit* Helena.
Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur?----farewel.

Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Court in FLORENCE.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, *two* French *Lords, with Soldiers.*

DUKE.

SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our couſin *France*
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and [1] an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
[2] By ſelf-unable notion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſt.
Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

1 —— *an outward man,*] *i. e.* one not in the ſecret of affairs.
2 *By ſelf-unable* MOTION;] We ſhould read NOTION.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure, the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſick.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours, that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon, *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and* Clown.

Count. IT hath happen'd, all as I would have had it, ſave, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; mend his ruff, and ſing; ask queſtions, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Reads the letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbel*, ſince I was at court. Our old ling, and our *Isbels* o'th' country, are nothing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th' court: the brain of my *Cupid's* knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves mony, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en That you have there. [*Exit.*

Counteſs *reads a letter.*

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her,

not bedded her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report com'. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you.*

Your unfortunate Son,

Bertram.

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more. For my part, I only hear, your ſon was run away.

SCENE III.

Enter Helena, *and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone. —

2 *Gent.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſsport.

[3] *When thou canſt get the ring, upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: but in ſuch a* Then *I write a* Never.
This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, and, for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'ſt me of a moiety: he was my ſon,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't,
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France.
'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

3 *When thou can'ſt get the ring, upon my finger,*] *i. e.* When thou canſt get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy poſſeſſion. The *Oxford* Editor, who took it the other way, to ſignify, when thou canſt get it on upon my finger, very ſagaciouſly alters it to, *When thou canſt get the ring* from *my finger.*

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, happ'ly, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France*, until he have no wife? There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a lord, That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman Which I have ſome time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs: My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has [4] a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

1 *Gent.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gent.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in* France. Nothing in *France*, until he has no wife!

4 *a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.*] That is, his vices ſtand him in ſtead. *Helen* had before deliver'd this thought in all the beauty of expreſſion.

——— *I know him a notorious lyar;*
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, while virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind———

But the *Oxford* Editor reads, *Which 'hoves him not much to have.*

Thou

Thou ſhalt have none, *Rouſſillon*, none in *France*;
Then haſt thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; [5] pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it;
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rouſſillon*;
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

5 ——— move *the* ſtill-piercing *air*,
That ſings with piercing ——] The words are here odly ſhuffled into nonſenſe. We ſhould read,
—— pierce *the* ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, ———
i. e. pierce the air, which is in perpetual motion, and ſuffers no injury by piercing.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's Court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, *Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers,* Parolles.

Duke. THE General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extream edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs *and Steward.*

Count. ALas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' *pilgrim, thither gone;*
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctifie.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno, *ſent him forth*
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Tho' little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;

When

When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no skill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a publick Place in Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, *and* Mariana, *with other Citizens.*

Wid. NAY, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay, the *French* Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been ſollicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one *Parolles*; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, *Diana*; their promiſes, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt,

luſt, [6] are the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to adviſe you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were [7] no further danger found, but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, *diſguis'd like a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope ſo —— Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know, ſhe will lye at my houſe; thither they ſend one another; I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

6 *are* not *the things they go under*;] Mr. *Theobald* explains theſe words by, *They are not really ſo true and ſince reas in appearance they ſeem to be.* He found ſomething like this ſenſe would fit the paſſage, but whether the words would fit the ſenſe he ſeems not to have conſidered. The truth is, the negative particle ſhould be ſtruck out, and the words read thus, *are the things they go under*; *i. e.* they make uſe of oaths, promiſes, *&c.* to facilitate their deſign upon us. The alluſion is to the military uſe of cover'd-ways, to facilitate an approach or attack; and the Scene, which is a beſieged city, and the perſons ſpoken of who are ſoldiers, make the phraſe very proper and natural. The *Oxford* Editor has adopted this correction, tho' in his uſual way, with a *but*; and reads, *are but the things they go under.*

7 *no further* KNOWN, *but the modeſty which is ſo* loſt.] *Mariana* adviſes *Diana* not to believe young ſoldiers' oaths and promiſes; ſhews her the miſchiefs attendant on the loſs of honour; and concludes, that ſhe ought to be careful to preſerve *that*, tho' ſhe were ſure ſhe ſhould feel no other ill conſequence than only the loſs of her modeſty. From hence it appears we ſhould read, *no further danger* FOUND, *but the modeſty which is ſo* loſt. Not only on account of the antitheſis reſtored by the word *found*, which refers to *loſt*, a thing which in *Shakeſpear*'s writing is not to be overlooked, but principally becauſe the queſtion here is not concerning the bare knowledge of the conſequences of a woman's loſing her honour, but concerning *Diana*'s experience of this matter in her own caſe; with which the reading here propoſed can only agree.

Hel.

Hel. To St. *Jaques le Grand.* Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. *Francis*, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd;
The rather, for, I think, I know your hoſteſs
As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France.*

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rouſillon:* know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from *France*,
As 'tis reported; for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Think you, it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, [8] meerlye truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parolles.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf, ſhe is too mean

8 —— MEER THE *truth*] We ſhould read, MEERLYE *truth*, i. e. *certainly.* So Sir *Thomas Moore*,

——— *that we may* merelye *meet in heaven.*

To

To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and That
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the am'rous Count ſollicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all, that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and Colours. Enter Bertram, Parolles, *Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The Gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So now they come:
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, *Eſcalus.*
Hel. Which is the *Frenchman?*
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honeſt; yond's that ſame knave,
That leads him to theſe places; were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance, he's hurt i'th' battel.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.———

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he has ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *&c.*

Mar. And your courteſie, for a ring-carrier!—

Wid. The troop is paſt: come, pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French *Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him as my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner

owner of no one good quality worthy your lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, repoſing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will ſuddenly ſurprize him; ſuch I will have, whom, I am ſure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents; be but your lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; when your lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of [9] Oar will be melted, if you give him not [1] *John Drum*'s entertain-

9 *Oar* ſpelt right by Mr. *Theobald.*

1 John Drum's *entertainment*,] *Holingſhed*, in his deſcription of *Ireland*, ſpeaking of *Patrick Scarſefield*, (mayor of *Dublin* in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter, or any other Officer, durſt not, for both his ears, give the ſimpleſt man, that reſorted to his houſe*, Tom Drum's entertainment, *which is*, to hale a man in by the head, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders. Mr. *Theobald.*

ment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox't on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there was an excellent command! to charge in with our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our own ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that *Cæſar* himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſs: ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſervice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet* ——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieur; if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem, can bring this inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and [2] I will preſently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my certainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, th'art valiant; and to the [3] poſſibility of ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewel.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.—Is not this a ſtrange fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeems to undertake this buſineſs, which he knows is not to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almoſt imboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordſhip's reſpect.

2 *I will preſently pen down my* Dilemmas,] By this word, *Parolles* is made to inſinuate that he had ſeveral ways, all equally certain, of recovering this Drum. For a *Dilemma* is an argument that concludes both ways.

3 *poſſibility of* thy *ſoldierſhip,*] dele *thy:* the ſenſe requires it.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old lord *Lafeu*; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee, this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay, ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Helena, *and Widow.*

Hel. IF you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not, how I ſhall aſſure you further;
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.[4]

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

4 *But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon*] *i. e.* By diſcovering herſelf to the count.

Hel.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my husband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken,
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow,
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that, which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how, 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes

With muſick of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unworthineſs: it nothing ſteads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to night
Let us aſſay our plot; which if it ſpeed,
[5] Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it —— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French Camp *in* Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, *with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.*

LORD.

HE can come no other way but by this hedge-corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will; though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to

5 *Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;*
And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL *act;*] To make this gingling riddle complete in all its parts, we ſhould read the ſecond line thus,
And lawful meaning in a WICKED *act;*
The ſenſe of the two lines is this, It is a *wicked meaning* becauſe the woman's intent is to deceive; but *a lawful deed*, becauſe the man enjoys his own wife. Again, it is a *lawful meaning* becauſe done by her to gain her husband's eſtranged affection, but it is a *wicked act* becauſe he goes intentionally to commit adultery. The riddle concludes thus, *Where both not ſin and yet a ſinful fact. i. e.* Where neither of them ſin, and yet it is a ſinful fact on both ſides; which concluſion, we ſee, requires the emendation here made.

under-

underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſie-woolſie haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i'th' adverſaries' entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politick. But couch, hoa! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o' clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay, I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoak me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit; yet ſlight ones will not carry it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? and great ones

ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of *Bajazet*'s mute, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible, he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spaniſh* ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay, it was in ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and ſay, I was ſtript.

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore, I leap'd from the window of the citadel —

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the Enemies; I would ſwear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemies!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him and blindfold him.*

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know, you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.

1 *and buy myſelf another of* Bajazet's MULE,] We ſhould read, *Bajazet*'s MUTE, *i.e.* a *Turkiſh* mute. So in *Henry* V.

Either our hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak *freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,*
Like turkiſh mute, *ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth.*

If

If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover That which ſhall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Boskos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto*,—Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Mancha ravancha dulche.

Lord. Oſceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The general is content to ſpare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our Camp I ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak That
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count *Rouſillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves.
Inform 'em That.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lockt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe.

Enter Bertram, *and* Diana.

THEY told me, that your name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No, my good lord, *Diana*,
Ber. Titled Goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no Maiden, but a Monument:
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty; ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your Wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'bides, —
But

2 *What is not holy, that we ſwear not* BY,] Yes, nothing is more common than ſuch kind of oaths. But *Diana* is not here accuſing *Bertram*

But take the High'ſt to witneſs: then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by *Jove*'s great Attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.

Dia. I ſee, that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my Dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Bertram for ſwearing by a Being not holy, but for ſwearing to an unholy purpoſe; as is evident from the preceeding lines,

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the Truth;
But the plain ſimple vow, that is vow'd true.

The line in queſtion, therefore, is evidently corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

What is not holy, that we ſwear, not 'BIDES,

i. e. If we ſwear to an unholy purpoſe the oath abides not, but is diſſolved in the making. This is an anſwer to the purpoſe. She ſubjoins the reaſon two or three lines after,

——— ——— *this* has no holding,
To ſwear by him, whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. ———

i. e. That oath can never hold, whoſe ſubject is to offend and diſpleaſe that Being, whom, I profeſs, in the act of ſwearing by him, to love and reverence.—What may have miſled the editors into the common reading was, perhaps, miſtaking *Bertram*'s words above,

By love's own ſweet conſtraint,— to be an oath; whereas it only ſignifies, *being conſtrained by love.*

Dia.

Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an Honour 'longing to our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe.
Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our Houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring.
My Houſe, my Honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take, my Mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.
Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end. ———
My Mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his Wife's dead: therefore I'll lye with him,
When

When I am buried. [3] Since *Frenchmen* are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;
Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him, that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the French *Camp in* Florence.

Enter the two French *Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* YOU have not given him his Mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't, that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour; he

[3] ——— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry that will, I'll live and die a Maid;]
What! becauſe *Frenchmen* were falſe, ſhe, that was an *Italian*, would marry nobody. The text is corrupted; and we ſhould read,
——— *Since* Frenchmen *are ſo braid,*
Marry 'em that will, I'll live and die a maid.
i. e. ſince *Frenchmen* prove ſo crooked and perverſe in their manners, let who will marry them, I had rather live and die a maid, than venture upon them. This ſhe ſays with a view to *Helen*, who appeared ſo fond of her husband, and went thro' ſo many difficulties to obtain him.

hath

hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchafte compofition.

2 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our felves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and, as in the common courfe of all treafons, we ftill fee them reveal themfelves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; fo he, that in this action contrives againft his own Nobility, in his proper ftream o'erflows himfelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we fhall not then have his company to night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him fee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meafure of his own Judgment, wherein fo curioufly he had fet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come; for his prefence muft be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of thefe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of Peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I affure you, a Peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count *Rouſillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France?*

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his Council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! fo fhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his Wife fome two months fince fled from his Houfe, her pretence is a Pilgrimage to St. *Jaques le Grand*; which holy Undertaking, with moft auftere fanctimony, fhe accompliſh'd; and there refiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laft breath, and now fhe fings in heaven.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her Death it ſelf (which could not be her office to ſay, is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your Maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a ſolemn leave: his Lordſhip will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the King's tartneſs: here's his Lordſhip now. How now, my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſes, a month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neareſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but That I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſte of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dialogue between the fool and the ſoldier? come, [4] bring forth this counterfeit Medal; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſate in the Stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in uſurping his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your Lordſhip already: the Stocks carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be underſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk; he hath confeſs'd himſelf to *Morgan*, whom he ſuppoſes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th' Stocks; and what, think you, he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be read to his face: if your Lordſhip be in't, as, I believe, you are, you muſt have the patience to hear it.

4 *bring forth this counterfeit* MODULE;] This epithet is improper to a *module*, which profeſſes to be the counterfeit of another thing. We ſhould read MEDAL. And this the *Oxford* Editor follows.

Enter

Enter Parolles, *with his Interpreter.*

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many Horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable: the troops are all ſcatter'd, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, I'll take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monſieur *Parolles*, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe, he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid (I will ſay true) or thereabouts, ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir : a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him, of what ſtrength they are afoot. What ſay you to that ?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee ; *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Jaques* ſo many ; *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each ; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each : ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand Poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him ?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th' camp, a *Frenchman :* what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks, it were not poſſible with well-weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it ?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captain *Dumain ?*

Par. I know him ; he was a botcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the ſheriff's fool with child ; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him *nay*.

Ber.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; tho' I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of *Florence*'s Camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out o'th' band. I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, *the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rouſſillon*, a fooliſh idle boy; but, for all that, very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter *reads the letter.*

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.

And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) *told thee this:*
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs.
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the army with this rhime in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguiſt, and the armi-potent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a Dungeon, i'th' Stocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain *Dumain:* you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus.* He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than *Hercules.* He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think, truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty, he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the *Engliſh* Tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except, in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His Qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu*, he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſalvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intail from all remainders, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain?*

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a Retreat he out-runs any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine?*

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his horſe, Count *Rouſillon.*

Int. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have

I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you, that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain *Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what Greeting will you to my Lord *Lafeu?* I am for *France.*

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame Sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Rouſillon?* if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a Plot?

Int. If you could find out a Country where but women were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft,
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let

Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, *Parolles*, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Widow's Houſe, at Florence.

Enter Helena, *Widow and* Diana.

Hel. THAT you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the Greateſt in the chriſtian world
Shall be my Surety; 'fore whoſe Throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Dear almoſt as his life; which, gratitude
Through flinty *Tartar*'s boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marſeilles*, to which place
We have convenient Convoy; you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.
Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,
Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not, but heav'n
Hath brought me up to be your Daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be [5] my motive

5 *my* motive] *motive* for aſſiſtant.

And

And helper to a husband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
[6] When Fancy, truſting of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, *Diana*,
(Under my poor inſtructions) yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Diana. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
[7] But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
[8] Our Waggon is prepar'd, and time revyes us;
All's well, that ends well; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

6 *When* SAUCY *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts*
Defiles the pitchy night;] *i. e.* makes the perſon guilty of intentional adultery. But truſting a miſtake cannot make any one guilty. We ſhould read, and point, the lines thus,

When FANCY, *truſting of the cozen'd thoughts,*
Defiles the pitchy night.

i. e. the *fancy*, or imagination, that he lay with his miſtreſs, tho' it was, indeed, his Wife, made him incur the guilt of adultery. *Night*, by the ancients, was reckoned odious, obſcene, and abominable. The Poet, alluding to this, ſays, with great beauty, *Defiles the pitchy night. i. e.* makes the night, more than ordinary, abominable.

7 *But* with the word, *the time will bring on ſummer,*] *With the word, i. e.* in an inſtant of time. The *Oxford* Editor reads (but what he means by it I know not) *Bear with the word.*

8 *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time* revives *us*;] The word *Revives* conveys ſo little ſenſe, that it ſeems very liable to ſuſpicion.

——— *and time* revyes *us*;

i. e. looks us in the face, calls upon us to haſten.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Rouſillon *in* France.

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. NO, no, no, your Son was miſ-led with a ſnipt-taffata fellow there, [9] whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at

9 *whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour*] *Parolles* is repreſented as an affected follower of the faſhion, and an encourager of his maſter to run into all the follies of it; where he ſays, *Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the noble Lords— they wear themſelves in the cap of time——and tho' the Devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed.* Here ſome particularities of faſhionable dreſs are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous ſaffron* is more obſcure. This alludes to a phantaſtic faſhion, then much followed, of uſing *yellow ſtarch* for their bands and ruffs. So *Fletcher*, in his *Queen of* Corinth,

——— *Has he familiarly*
Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch; *or ſaid your doublet*
Was not exactly frenchified ———

And *Johnſon*'s *Devil's an Aſs*.

Carmen and chimny-ſweepers are got into the yellow ſtarch.

This was invented by one *Turner*, a 'tire-woman, a court-bawd; and, in all reſpects, of ſo infamous a character, that her invention deſerved the name of *villainous ſaffron*. This woman was, afterwards, amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, for which ſhe was hanged at *Tyburn*, and would die in a *yellow ruff* of her own invention: which made yellow ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. 'Tis this, then, to which *Shakeſpear* alludes: but uſing the word *ſaffron* for *yellow*, a new idea preſented it ſelf, and he purſues his thought under a quite different alluſion——*Whoſe villainous ſaffron would have made all the unbaked and dowy youths of a nation in his colour, i. e.* of his temper and diſpoſition. Here the general cuſtom of that time, of colouring *paſte* with ſaffron, is alluded to. So in the *Winter's Tale*:

I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden pyes.

home,

home, [1] more advantaged by the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him! it was the death of the moſt virtuous Gentlewoman that ever Nature had Praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a Mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not much skill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thy ſelf, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

[1] *more* ADVANCED *by the King*,] A notable obſervation this; that the young Lord had been higher *advanced* by the King had he ſtaid at court, than he was by his beggerly follower *Parolles*. We ſhould read, *more* ADVANTAGED, *i. e.* the King would have been a better tutor to the raw young man than *Parolles*, whoſe profeſſion it was.

Clo.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a *Frenchman?*

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *Engliſh* name; but his [2] phiſnomy is more honour'd in *France* than there.

Laf. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, Sir, *alias* the Prince of Darkneſs, *alias* the Devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy Maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. [3] I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire; and the Maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the Houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. [*Exit.*

2 *his phiſnomy is more* HOTTER *in* France *than there.*] This is intolerable nonſenſe. The ſtupid Editors, becauſe the Devil was talked of, thought no quality would ſuit him but *hotter.* We ſhould read,——*more* HONOUR'D. A joke upon the *French* people, as if they held a dark complexion, which is natural to them, in more eſtimation than the *Engliſh* do, who are generally white and fair.

3 *I'm a woodland fellow, Sir,* &c.] *Shakeſpear* is but rarely guilty of ſuch impious traſh. And it is obſervable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his *fools,* which is now grown the characteriſtic of the *fine-gentleman.*

Laf.

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſawcineſs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Lady's death, and that my Lord your Son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King, my Maſter, to ſpeak in the behalf of my Daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe; his Highneſs hath promis'd me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from *Marſeilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. [4] It rejoices me, that hope, that I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

4 *It rejoices me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die.*] It is not *hope* that rejoices any one; but, that that hope is well grounded. We ſhould read, therefore, *It rejoices me, that hope, that I ſhall ſee him ere I die.*

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder's my Lord, your ſon, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar under't, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a good livery of honour. So, belike, is that.

Clo. [5] But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, *at* Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana, *with two Attendants.*

HELENA.

BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,——

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,

5 *But it is your carbonado'd face.*] Mr. *Pope* reads it *carbinado'd*, which is right. The joke, ſuch as it is, conſiſts in the alluſion to a wound made with a carabine; arms, which *Henry* IV. had made famous, by bringing into uſe amongſt his horſe.

If

If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.
Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of *France.*
Gent. I have been ſometimes there.
Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well, that ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to *Rouſſillon,*
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
What-e'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to Rouſillon.

Enter Clown, *and* Parolles.

Par. GOOD Mr. *Levatch*, give my Lord *Lafeu* this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher cloaths; [1] but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no fiſh of fortune's butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. [2] Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further. *Par.*

1 *but I am now, Sir, muddied in fortune's* Mood, *and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.*] I believe the poet wrote, *in fortune's* moat; becauſe the Clown in the very next ſpeech replies, *I will henceforth eat no* fiſh *of fortune's butt'ring*; and again, when he comes to repeat *Parolles*'s petition to *Lafeu, that hath fall'n into the unclean* fiſhpond *of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is* muddied *withal.* And again, *Pray you, Sir, uſe the* carp *as you may*, &c. In all which places, 'tis obvious a moat or pond is the alluſion. Beſides, *Parolles* ſmelling ſtrong, as he ſays, of fortune's ſtrong diſpleaſure, carries on the ſame image; for as the *moats* round old ſeats were always repleniſh'd with fiſh, ſo the Clown's joke of holding his noſe, we may preſume, proceeded from this, that the privy was always over the moat; and therefore the Clown humourouſly ſays, when *Parolles* is preſſing him to deliver his letter to Lord *Lafeu, Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's* cloſeſtool, *to give to a Nobleman!*

2 *Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor.*] Nothing could be conceived with greater humour, or juſtneſs of ſatire, than this ſpeech. The uſe of the

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a Nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, Sir, or fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat;) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſhpond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. [3] I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

ſlinking metaphors is an odious fault, which grave writers often commit. It is not uncommon to ſee moral declaimers againſt vice, deſcribe her as *Heſiod* did the Fury *Triſtitia:*

Τῆς ἐκ ῥίνων μύξαι ῥέον.

Upon which *Longinus* juſtly obſerves, that, inſtead of giving a *terrible* image, he has given a very naſty one. *Cicero* cautions well againſt it, in his book *de Orat. Quoniam hæc*, ſays he, *vel ſumma laus eſt in verbis transferendis ut ſenſum feriat id, quod tranſlatum ſit, fugienda eſt omnis turpitudo earum rerum, ad quas eorum animos qui audiunt trahet ſimilitudo. Nolo morte dici Africani* caſtratam *eſſe rempublicam. Nolo* ſtercus *curiæ dici Glauciam.* Our poet himſelf is extremely delicate in this reſpect; who, throughout his large writings, if you except a paſſage in *Hamlet*, has ſcarce a metaphor that can offend the moſt ſqueamiſh reader.

3 *I pity his diſtreſs in my* SMILES *of comfort,*] We ſhould read, SIMILIES *of comfort*, ſuch as the calling him *fortune's cat, carp*, &c.

Par.

Par. I beſeech your honour, to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles.*

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, inſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the Devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound Trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, *the two French Lords, with Attendants.*

King. We loſt a jewel of her, [4] our eſteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it

4 —— *our* eſteem] *Eſteem* is here uſed for *eſtimation*, in the ſenſe of *worth, eſtate.*

[5] Natural rebellion, done i'th' blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.
Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive;
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.
King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well —— call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incenſing relicks of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.
Gent. I ſhall, my Liege.
King. What ſays he to your daughter? Have you ſpoke?
Laf. All, that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

[5] *Natural rebellion, done i'th'* BLADE *of youth,*] The whole figure here employ'd ſhews we ſhould read,

—— —— *i' th'* BLAZE *of youth,*

i. e. in fervour, flame. So in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*,

For Hector, *in his* blaze *of wrath, ſubſcribes*
To tender objects —— ——

King.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters
ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?
Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
[6] Scorch'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n;

Extended

6 SCORN'D *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n;*] *Firſt,* it is to be obſerved, that this young man's caſe was not indifference to the ſex in general, but a very ſtrong attachment to one; therefore he could not *ſcorn* a fair colour, for it was that which had captivated him. But he might very naturally be ſaid to do what men, ſtrongly attach'd to one, commonly do, not allow beauty in any face but his miſtreſs's. And that this was the thought here, is evident,

Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe, whom all men prais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou do'ſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love, that comes too late,
Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that is gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt:

1. From the latter part of the verſe,
——— *or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n*;
2. From the preceeding verſe,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
3. From the following verſes,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: ———

Secondly, It is to be obſerved, that he deſcribes his indifference for others in highly figurative expreſſions. Contempt is brought in lending him her perſpective-glaſs, which does its office properly by *warping* the lines of all other faces; by *extending* or *contracting* into a *hideous object*; or by *expreſſing* or ſhewing native red and white as paint. But with what propriety of ſpeech can this glaſs be ſaid to *ſcorn*, which is an affection of the mind? Here then the metaphor becomes miſerably mangled; but the foregoing obſervation will lead us to the genuine reading, which is,

SCORCH'D *a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtoll'n*;

i. e. this glaſs repreſented the owner as brown or tanned; or, if not ſo, cauſed the native colour to appear artificial. Thus he ſpeaks in character, and conſiſtently with the reſt of his ſpeech. The emendation reſtores integrity to the figure, and, by a beautiful thought, makes the *ſcornful perſpective of contempt* do the office of a *burning-glaſs*.

7 *Make trivial price of* ſerious *things* ——] *Serious* for valuable. In this ſenſe a certain Prebendary of *Weſtminſter* underſtood the word, when he uſed to tell his friends, *A ſhilling was a ſerious thing*.

Our

Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet *Helen*'s knell; and now, forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day:
Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear heav'n, bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, ceaſe!
Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, *Helen*, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.
Ber. Her's it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?
Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never her's.
Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Laf. I'm ſure, I ſaw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it;
In *Florence* was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd

To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceaſt
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. *Plutus* himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen*'s,
Whoever gave it you: [8] then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſurety,
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'ſt conjectʼral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out; if it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman — 'twill not prove ſo —
And yet I know not — thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize* Bertram.
My fore-paſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove,
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſie

8 —— —— *then if you know,*
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,] *i. e.* then if you be wiſe. A ſtrange way of expreſſing ſo trivial a thought!

Prove

Prove that I husbanded her bed in *Florence*,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit* Bertram *guarded.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I'm wrap'd in diſmal thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a *Florentine*,
9 Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Rouſillon *a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from* Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lyes; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.*

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him. For this, I'll none of him.

9 *Who hath* FOR *four or five removes come ſhort*] We ſhould read, *Who hath* SOME *four or five removes come ſhort.* So in King *Lear*,

For that I am SOME *twelve or fourteen moonſhines*
Lag of a brother, ——

King.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid, the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the ancient *Capulet*;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know theſe women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can, nor will, deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe, which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her. [*To* Bertram.

Ber.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
'Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm
Conferr'd by Testament to th' sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King Methought, you said,
You saw one here in Court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world tax'd and deboss'd,
Which nature sickens with: but to speak truth,

Am

Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, ſhe has; certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had That, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You, that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly [1] diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.

Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!——

1 —*diet me.*——] *i. e.* uſe me harſhly. A phraſe taken from the ſevere methods taken in curing the venereal diſorder.

Is

Is this the man you ſpeak of?

Dia. It is, my Lord.

King. Tell me, Sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this Woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a Gentleman loves a Woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not,

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's Command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty Orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid; but more than that, he lov'd her: for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou can'ſt ſay they are married; but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſie glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear, I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King.

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.
Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir.
[*Exit* Widow.
The jeweller, that owes the ring, is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
[*To* Bertram.
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf, my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead tho' ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one, that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, *and* Widow.

King. Is there no Exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I ſee?
Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!
Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter: this it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living?
[*To the Counteſs.*

Laf.

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief,
[*To* Parolles.
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Chuſe thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content ; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day ;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great Beauty and Fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coaſt of* Illyria.

TWELFTH-

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter the Duke, Curio, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

"IF muſick be the food of love, play on;
"Give me exceſs of it; [1] that, ſurfeiting
"The appetite, Love may ſicken, and ſo die.
"[2] That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
"O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
"That

1 —— *that, ſurfeiting*
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.] There is an impropriety of expreſſion in the preſent reading of this fine paſſage. We do not ſay, *that the appetite ſickens and dies thro' a ſurfeit*; but the ſubject of that appetite. I am perſuaded, a word is accidentally dropt; and that we ſhould read, and point, the paſſage thus,
—— *that, ſurfeiting*
The app'tite, LOVE *may ſicken, and ſo die.*

2 *That ſtrain again;——it had a dying fall:*
O! it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,

" That breathes upon a bank of violets,
" Stealing, and giving odour. Enough!—no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; [3] ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is hight fantaſtical.

Cur.

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ———] Amongſt the beauties of this charming ſimilitude, its exact propriety is not the leaſt. For, as a ſouth wind, while blowing over a violet-bank, wafts away the odour of the flowers, it, at the ſame time, communicates its own ſweetneſs to it; ſo the ſoft affecting muſick, here deſcribed, tho' it takes away the natural, ſweet, tranquillity of the mind, yet, at the ſame time, it communicates a new pleaſure to it. Or, it may allude to another property of muſick, where the ſame ſtrains have a power to excite pain or pleaſure, as the ſtate is, in which it finds the hearer. Hence *Milton* makes the ſelf-ſame ſtrains of *Orpheus* proper to excite both the affections of mirth and melancholy, juſt as the mind is then diſpoſed. If to mirth, he calls for ſuch muſick,

That Orpheus' *ſelf may heave his head*
From golden ſlumbers on a bed
Of heapt Elyſian *flowers, and hear*
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, *to have quite ſet free*
His half-regain'd Eurydice. L'allegro.

If to melancholy——

Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus *ſing*
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's *cheek,*
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek. Il penſeroſo.

3 *So full of ſhapes* IS *fancy,*
That it alone is HIGH *fantaſtical.*] This complicated nonſenſe ſhould be rectified thus,

So full of ſhapes IN *fancy,*
That it alone is HIGHT *fantaſtical,*

i. e. love is ſo full of ſhapes *in fancy*, that the *name* of *fantaſtical* is peculiarly given to it alone.

But,

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Duke. What, *Curio?*
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my Eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.
Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
[4] Three ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
([5] O ſweet perfection!) with one ſelf-ſame King!

But, for the old nonſenſe, the *Oxford* Editor gives us his new.
— *So full of ſhapes is fancy,*
And thou all o'er art high fantaſtical, Says the Critic.

4 THESE *ſov'reign thrones*—] We ſhould read THREE *ſov'reign thrones.* This is exactly in the manner of *Shakeſpear.* So, afterwards, in this play, *Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit, do give thee* fivefold *blazon.*

5 HER *ſweet perfections!*] We ſhould read, and point it thus, *(O ſweet perfection!)*

Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Viola, *a Captain and Sailors.*

Vio. WHAT country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in *Illyria?*
My brother he is in *Elyſium.* ——
Perchance, he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.

Vio.

Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him :
He was a batchelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late ;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmur (as you know,
What Great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*
Vio. What's ſhe ?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelve months ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd ; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is !
Cap. That were hard to compaſs ;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the Duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain ;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution ; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character :
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke ;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice,
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. WHAT a plague means my neice, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir *Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your neice, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek?*

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria.*

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-degambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my neice: I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my neice 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a pariſh-top. What, wench? [6] *Caſtiliano Volto*; for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir *Toby Belch!* how now, Sir *Toby Belch?*

Sir To. Sweet Sir *Andrew!*

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt. ———

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My neice's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Accoſt*, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs *Mary Accoſt*, ———

6 Caſtiliano *vulgo*;] We ſhould read *volto*. In *Engliſh*, put on your *Caſtilian* countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn looks. The *Oxford* Editor has taken my emendation: But, by *Caſtilian countenance*, he ſuppoſes is meant moſt civil and courtly looks. It is plain, he underſtands gravity and formality to be civility and courtlineſs.

Sir

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her, wooe her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt?*

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think, you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir *Toby.*

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight.

Sir

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would, I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for [7] thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſe-wife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir *Toby*; your neice will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; [8] and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

7 *thou ſeeſt, it will not* COOL MY *nature.*] We ſhould read, *it will not* CURL BY *nature.* The joke is evident.

8 *and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] This is intended as a ſatire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times, and the paſt generation, to the preſent.

Sir

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria.*

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs *Mall*'s picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under *Taurus?*

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. IF the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario*, hoa?

Vio.

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.
Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—*Ceſario*,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
'Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?
Duke. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a Nuncio of more grave aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: *Diana*'s lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.
I know, thy Conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet, a barrful ſtrife!
Who-e'er I woo, my ſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make That good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs *Mary?*

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in you foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if Both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve*'s fleſh as any in *Illyria.*

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Olivia, *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays *Quinapalus*, Better be a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd; virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bad take away the fool, therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree.—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, *Madona.*

Oli. I know, his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, 'till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir *Toby* will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two pence, that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. I marvel, your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' *Zanies.*

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. [9] Now *Mercury* indue thee with pleaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Enter

9 *Now* Mercury *indue thee with* LEASING, *for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!*] This is a ſtupid blunder. We ſhould read, *with* PLEASING, *i. e.* with eloquence, make thee a gracious and powerful ſpeaker,

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young Gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young Man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your Uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home: What you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio] Now you see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest Son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy Kin has a most weak *Pia Mater!* ——

SCENE VIII.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, Uncle?

Sir To. A Gentleman.

Oli. A Gentleman? what Gentleman?

speaker, for *Mercury* was the God of orators as well as cheats. But the first Editors, who did not understand the phrase, *indue thee with pleasing*, made this foolish correction; more excusable, however, than the last Editor's, who, when this emendation was pointed out to him, would make one of his own; and so in his *Oxford* edition, reads, *with* LEARNING; without troubling himself to satisfy the reader how the first editor should blunder in a word so easy to be understood as *learning*, tho' they well might in the word *pleasing*, as it is used in this place.

Sir To. [1] 'Tis a Gentleman-heir, —— A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*,——

Oli. Uncle, Uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the Coroner, and let him ſit o' my Uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio:

Mal. Madam, yond young Fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him, you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

1 *'Tis a gentleman.* HERE,—] He had before ſaid it was a gentleman. He was asked what gentleman? and he makes this reply; which, it is plain, is corrupt, and ſhould be read thus,

'Tis a Gentleman-HEIR,

i. e. ſome lady's eldeſt ſon juſt come out of the nurſery; for this was the appearance *Viola* made in mens clothes. See the character *Malvolio* draws of him preſently after.

Mal.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll [2] ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orſino*'s embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

2 *ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt,*] It was the cuſtom for that officer to have large *poſts* ſet up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the King's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication. So *Johnſon*'s *Every man out of his humour,*

——— ——— ——— *put off*
To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the Shrives poſts.

So again in the old play called *Lingua,*

Knows he how to become a ſcarlet gown, hath he a pair of freſh poſts *at his door?*

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable Beauty —— I pray you, tell me, if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; [3] I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that Queſtion's out of my Part. Good gentle One, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my Commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir, here lies your way.

3 *I am very comptible,*] *Comptible* for ready to call to account.

Vio.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady.

[4] *Oli* Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſie of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady, ——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In *Orſino*'s boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

4 Vio. — *tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.*] Theſe words muſt be divided between the two ſpeakers thus,

Oli. *Tell me your mind.*

Vio. *I am a meſſenger.*

Viola growing troubleſome, *Olivia* would diſmiſs her, and therefore cuts her ſhort with this command, *Tell me your mind.* The other taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word *mind*, which ſignifies either *buſineſs* or *inclinations*, replies as if ſhe had uſed it in the latter ſenſe, *I am a meſſenger.*

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. [5] Look you, Sir, such a one I wear this present: is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis Beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st She alive,
If you will lead these graces to the Grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will. As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two gray eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the Devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The Non-pareil of Beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,

5 *Look you, Sir, such a one I* was *this present: is't not well done?*] This is nonsense; we should read *I wear:* The correction, I think, clears all up, and gives the expression an Air of Gallantry. *Viola* presses to see *Olivia*'s face; the other at length pulls off her veil, and says, *we will draw the curtain and shew you the* picture. I wear this complexion to day, I may wear another to-morrow; jocularly intimating, that she *painted.* The other, vext at the jest, says, *Excellently* done, *if God* did *all.* Perhaps it may be true what you say in jest, otherwise 'tis an excellent face. *'Tis in grain,* &c. replies *Olivia.*

With

With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.
Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you do?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.
Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli.

Oli. What is your parentage;
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well: ——
I am a gentleman — I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon — not too faſt — ſoft!
ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man. —— How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What ho, *Malvolio*, ——

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.
Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, *Malvolio.*
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do, I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Antonio *and* Sebaſtian.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian*; which I call'd *Rodorigo*; my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom, I know, you have heard of. He left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A Lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not [1] [with ſuch eſtimable wonder] over-

[1] [*with ſuch eſtimable wonder*] An interpolation of the players.

far

far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once; my boſom is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orſino*'s court; farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the Gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in *Orſino*'s court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
The danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viola *and* Malvolio, *at ſeveral doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countels *Olivia?*

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate Aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this Lady? Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed, ſo much, That, ſure, methought [2] her eyes had croſt her tongue; For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly: She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger. None of my Lord's ring; why, he ſent her none. I am the man — If it be ſo, (as, 'tis;) Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream. Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs, Whererein the pregnant enemy does much. How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe In women's waxen hearts to ſet their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we, For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be. How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly, And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him; And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me. What will become of this? as I am man, My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love; As I am woman, (now, alas the day!) What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor *Olivia* breathe? O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t'unty. [*Exit.*

2 ——— *her eyes had* LOST *her tongue*;] This is nonſenſe: we ſhould read,

——— *her eyes had* CROST *her tongue*;

Alluding to the notion of the faſcination of the eyes; the effects of which were called *croſſing*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. APproach, Sir *Andrew:* not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *Diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, [3] I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria!* I ſay!—a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctial of *Queubus:* 'twas very good, i'faith: I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

3 *I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.*] A ridicule on the medical theory of that time, which ſuppoſed health to conſiſt in the juſt temperament and balance of theſe elements in the human frame.

Clo.

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for *Malvolio*'s nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a Song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's Six-pence for you. Let's have a Song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one Knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a Love-song, or a Song of good life?

Sir To. A Love-song, a Love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *sings.*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter:*
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure;
[4] *In decay there lyes no plenty:*
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

4 *In* delay *there lies no plenty:*] This is a proverbial saying corrupted; and should be read thus,

In DECAY *there lies no plenty.*

A reproof of avarice, which stores up perishable fruits till they *decay*. To these fruits the Poet, humorously, compares youth or virginity; which, he says, is a *stuff will not endure.*

Sir

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will [5] draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain? let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

5 *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our Author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our Author. *Much ado about nothing. Now it is soul ravished. Is it not strange that Sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?*—Why, he says, *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in *three parts*. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls. The *vegetative* or *plastic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, *Johnson* alludes, in his *Poetaster*; *What, will I turn sharke upon my friends? or my friends friends? I scorn it with* with my three souls. By the mention of these *three*, therefore, we may suppose it was *Shakespear*'s purpose, to hint to us those surprising effects of musick, which the antients speak of. When they tell us of *Amphion*, who moved stones and *trees*; *Orpheus* and *Arion*, who tamed *savage beasts*, and *Timotheus*, who governed, as he pleased, the *passions of his human auditors*. So noble an observation has our Author conveyed in the ribaldry of this buffoon character.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in* Babylon, *Lady, Lady.* [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do ye make an alehouſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your [6] cottiers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!—— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that tho' ſhe harbours you as her Uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the Houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you

6 coziers *catches*] *Cottiers.* Ruſtick, clowniſh.

to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew, his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint *Anne*; and ginger ſhall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, *Maria.*—

Mal. Miſtreſs *Mary*, if you priz'd my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; ſince the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think,

think, I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; [7] an affection'd aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwaths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf: ſo cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your Neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters, that thou wilt drop, that they come from my Neice, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

7 *an* affectioned *aſs*] *Affectioned*, for full of affectation.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, *Penthiſilea.*

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more mony.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your Neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou haſt her not i'th'end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. GIVE me ſome muſick; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good *Ceſario*, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong, we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and [8] recollected terms

[8] recollected *terms*] *Recollected,* for ſtudied.

Of

Of theſe moſt brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my Lord, a fool that the Lady *Olivia*'s father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Ex.* Curio. [*Muſick.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and skittiſh [9] in all notions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. " [1] It gives a very echo from the ſeat
" Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then: What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. " Too old, by heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
" An elder than her ſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
" So ſways ſhe level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe our ſelves,

9 *in all* motions *elſe,*] The Folio reads *notions*, which is right.

1 *It gives a very echo* TO *the ſeat*
Where love is thron'd.] We ſhould read, FROM *the ſeat: i. e.* it reaches the throne of love, and reverberates thence.

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy ſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the ſong we had laſt night,—
Mark it, *Ceſario*, it is old and plain;
" The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
" And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
" Do uſe to chant it: it is ſilly ſooth,
" [2] And tallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

" *Come away, come away, death,*
" *And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid;*
" *Fly away, fly away, breath,*
" *I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.*
" *My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with yew,*
" *O, prepare it.*
" *My part of death no one ſo true*
" *Did ſhare it.*

2 *And* dallies *with the innocence of love,*] *Dallies* has no ſenſe. We ſhould read, TALLIES, *i. e.* agrees with; is of a piece with.

" *Not*

" *Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,*
" *On my black coffin let there be ſtrown:*
" *Not a friend, not a friend greet*
" *My poor corps, where my bones ſhall be thrown.*
" *A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,*
" *Lay me, O! where*
" *True lover never find my grave,*
" *To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleaſure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is [3] a very opal! I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, [4] that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent no where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:

3 *a very* opal!] A precious ſtone of almoſt all colours. Mr. *Pope.*

4 *that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent* EVERY *where*;] Both the preſervation of the antitheſis, and the recovery of the ſenſe, require we ſhould read,——*and their intent* NO *where*. Becauſe a man who ſuffers himſelf to run with every wind, and ſo makes his buſineſs every where, cannot be ſaid to have any *intent*; for that word ſignifies a determination of the mind to ſomething. Beſides, the concluſion of *making a good voyage* out of nothing, directs to this emendation.

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
[5] But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, her Mind, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. [6] I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some Lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia:* you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia.*

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know?

5 *But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,*
That nature pranks her IN,——] What is *that miracle, and Queen of Gems?* we are not told in this reading. Besides, what is meant by *nature pranking her in a miracle?*——We should read,
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Gems,
That nature pranks, HER MIND,——
i. e. what *attracts my soul,* is not her *Fortune,* but *her Mind, that miracle, and Queen of Gems that nature pranks, i. e.* sets out, and adorns.

6 IT *cannot be so answer'd*] We should read *I*; the reply shews it.

Vio.

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. 'A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
'But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
'Feed on her damask cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
'And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
'[7] She ſat like Patience on a monument,
'Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?

We

7 *She ſat like patience on a monument,*
Smiling at grief.] Mr. *Theobald* ſuppoſes this might poſſibly be borrowed from *Chaucer*.

And her beſidis wonder diſcretlie,
Dame Pacience *yſittinge there I fonde*
With facé pale, upon an hill of ſonde.

And adds, *If he was indebted, however, for the firſt rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt, in heightning the picture! How much does the* green *and* yellow melancholy *tranſcend the old bard's* pale face; *the* monument *his* hill of ſand.——I hope this Critick does not imagine *Shakeſpear* meant to give us a picture of the *face* of *Patience*, by his *green and yellow melancholy*; becauſe, he ſays, it tranſcends the *pale face* of *Patience* given us by *Chaucer*. To throw *Patience* into a fit of melancholy, would be indeed very extraordinary. The *green and yellow* then belonged not to *Patience*, but to *her* who *ſat* like *Patience*. To give *Patience* a *pale face*, was proper: and had *Shakeſpear* deſcribed *her*, he had done it as *Chaucer* did. But *Shakeſpear* is ſpeaking of a marble ſtatue of *Patience*; *Chaucer*, of *Patience* herſelf. And the two repreſentations of her, are in quite different views. Our Poet, ſpeaking of a deſpairing lover, judiciouſly compares her to *Patience* exerciſed on the death of friends and relations; which affords him the beautiful picture of *Patience on a monument*. The old Bard ſpeaking of *Patience* herſelf, directly, and not by compariſon, as judiciouſly draws her in that circumſtance where ſhe is moſt exerciſed, and has occaſion for all her virtue; that is to ſay, under the *loſſes of ſhipwreck*. And now we ſee why ſhe is repreſented as *ſitting on an hill of ſand*, to deſign the ſcene to be the ſea-ſhore. It is finely imagined; and one of the noble ſimplicities of that admirable Poet. But the Critick thought, in good earneſt, that *Chaucer*'s invention

was

We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. [8] I'm all the daughters of my fathers' houſe,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theam.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. COME thy ways, Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

was ſo barren, and his imagination ſo beggarly, that he was not able to be at the charge of a monument for his Goddeſs, but left her, like a ſtroller, ſunning herſelf upon a heap of ſand.

8 *I'm all the daughters of my fathers' houſe,*
And all the brothers too——] This was the moſt artful anſwer that could be given. The queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct anſwer, muſt have raiſed ſuſpicion. This has the appearance of a direct anſwer, *that the ſiſter died of her love*; ſhe (who paſſed for a man) ſaying, ſhe was all the daughters of her father's houſe. But the *Oxford* Editor, a great enemy, as ſhould ſeem, to all equivocation, obliges her to anſwer thus,

She's all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And I am all the ſons——— But if it ſhould be asked now, how the Duke came to take this for an anſwer to his queſtion, to be ſure the Editor can tell us.

Fab.

Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue, ſhall we not, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of *India?*

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; *Malvolio*'s coming down this walk, he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this Letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! lye thou there; for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard her ſelf come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.——

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*,——

Sir

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: [9] the Lady of the *Trachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, *Jezebel!*

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate ———

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow, to hit him in the eye!—

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs — to ask for my uncle *Toby*———

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this Fellow live?

Fab. [1] Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal.

9 *the Lady of the* Strachy] We ſhould read *Trachy*, i. e. *Thrace*; for ſo the old *Engliſh* writers called it. *Mandeville* ſays, *As* Trachye *and* Macedoigne *of the which* Aliſandre *was Kyng.* It was common to uſe the article *the* before names of places: And this was no improper inſtance, where the ſcene was in *Illyria.*

1 *Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us with cares,*] *i. e.* Tho' it is the greateſt pain to us to keep ſilence. Yet the *Oxford* Editor has altered it to,

Tho' our ſilence be drawn from us by th' ears.

There

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle *Toby*, my fortunes having caſt me on your Neice, give me this prerogative of ſpeech ——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight ——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*, ——

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me Fool.

Mal. [2] What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

There is ſome conceit, I ſuppoſe, in this, as in many other of his alterations, yet it oft lies ſo deep that the reader has reaſon to wiſh he could have explained his own meaning.

2 *What employment have we here?*] A phraſe of that time, equivalent to our common ſpeech of—*What's to* do *here*. The *Oxford* Editor, not attending to this, alters it to

What implement *have we here?*

By which happy emendation, he makes *Malvolio* to be in the plot againſt himſelf; or how could he know that this letter was an *implement* made uſe of to catch him?

Sir And.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes; her very phraſes: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal; 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove *knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know.* No man muſt know — what follows? the number's alter'd — no man muſt know — if this ſhould be thee, *Malvolio?*

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but ſilence, like a* Lucrece *knife,*

With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life — nay, but firſt, let me ſee — let me ſee —

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtanyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my Lady. Why, this is evident to any [3] formal capacity. There is no obſtruction in this — and the end — what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly — *M. O. A. I.* —

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—*Malvolio* — *M.* — why, that begins my name.

3 formal *capacity*] *Formal*, for common.

Fab.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; That ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. — [4] this ſimulation is not as the former — and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe —— *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo: if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortunes' fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices* [5] *with thee, the fortunate and happy.* Day-light and champian diſcover no more: this is

4 *this* ſimulation] *Simulation*, for reſemblance.

5 *with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champian diſcovers no more:*] Wrong pointed: We ſhould read,—*with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champian diſcover no more: i. e.* Broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer.

open.

open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. *Jove*, and my ſtars be praiſed! — Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'y-thee.* — *Jove*, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

SCENE IX.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To.

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir. To. Like *Aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of *Tartar*; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter Viola, *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, Friend, and thy muſick: doſt thou live by thy Tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my Houſe, and my Houſe doth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lyes by a Beggar, if a Beggar dwell near him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a [1] chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my Siſter had had no Name, Sir.

Vio. Why, Man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her Name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my Siſter wanton; but, indeed, words are very raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon, Man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown ſo falſe, I am loth to prove reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry Fellow, and careſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo, Sir, I do care for ſomething; but, in my conſcience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would, it would make you inviſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s Fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady *Olivia* has no folly; ſhe will keep no Fool, Sir, 'till ſhe be married; and Fools are as like Husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her Fool, but her Corrupter of Words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Duke *Orſino*'s.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the Orb like the Sun; it ſhines every where. I would be ſorry, Sir, but the fool ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtreſs: I think, I ſaw your wiſdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou paſs upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[1] *a chev'ril* glove] A glove made of a kid's skin, from *Chevereul*, French. *Chiaverello*, Ital. *Caprillus*, Lat. Mr. *Pope.*

Clo.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, ſend thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almoſt ſick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of theſe have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to uſe.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I underſtand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Creſſida* was a beggar. My lady is within, Sir, I will conſter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might ſay, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly-fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

[2] *Sir And.* Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—

2 Here the ſpeeches rectified by Mr. *Theobald.*

Will you encounter the Houſe? my Niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare Courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own [3] moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke *Orſino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and he muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

3 *moſt* pregnant *and vouchſafed ear.*] *Pregnant*, for ready.

Oli.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;——
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſollicit That,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.
Vio. Dear lady,——
Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
[4] After the laſt enchantment you did here,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? [5] to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better

4 *After the laſt enchantment, you did* hear,] Nonſenſe. Read and point it thus,

After the laſt enchantment you did here,

i. e. after the enchantment, your preſence worked in my affections.

5 *to one of your* receiving] *i. e.* to one of your *ready apprehenſion.* She conſiders him as an arch page.

To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then weſtward hoe: ———
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right, I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were, as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good; but given, unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.

Oli.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. NO, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your neice do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't, i'th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been Grand Jury-men ſince before *Noah* was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her, with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint; you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, " and you are " now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; " where you will hang like an iſicle on a *Dutchman*'s

" beard," unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a *Browniſt*, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my neice ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*; ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir *Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as

as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. [6] Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter, that I dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies*; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio.

Seb. I Would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,

6 *Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.*] The womens parts were then acted by boys, ſometimes ſo low in ſtature, that there was occaſion to obviate the impropriety by ſuch kind of oblique apologies.

I will

I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage.)
But jealouſie what might befal your travel,
Being skilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.
Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks;
And thanks, and (*a*) ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go [7] ſee the relicks of this town?
Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once, in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying

7 — *ſee the* relicks *of this town?*] *Relicks*, for curioſities.

[(*a*) — *ever thanks*, Mr. *Theobald* — Vulg. *ever oft.*]

What

What we took from them, which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant.*——

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Olivia, *and* Maria.

Oli. I Have ſent after him; [8] he ſays he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.——
Where is *Malvolio?* he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is *Malvolio?*

8 *he ſays he'll come;*] *i. e.* I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays he'll come; which Mr. *Theobald*, not underſtanding, alters unneceſſarily to, *ſay he will come*; in which the *Oxford* Editor has followed him.

Mar.

Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very ſtrange manner.
He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of it? if it pleaſe the eye of One, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know that ſweet *Roman* hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio?*

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, *Malvolio?*

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of Greatneſs;—'twas well writ.

Oli.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, *Malvolio?*

Mal. Some are born Great———

Oli Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve Greatneſs—

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have Greatneſs thruſt upon them—

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commanded thy yellow ſtockings. ———

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd —

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo ———

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke *Orſino*'s is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby?* let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir *Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;—be oppoſite with a kinſman,—ſurly with ſervants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,—put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity; —and conſequently ſets down the

the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her, but it is *Jove*'s doing, and *Jove* make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance—what can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, *Malvolio?* how is't with you? what! man, defie the devil; conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La, you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.——Pray God, he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How now, miſtreſs?

Mar. O lord!———

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not ſee, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?———

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with ſatan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things; I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My neice is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to

to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen; but see, but see.

SCENE X.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a *May* morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so; for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note; That keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, *and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th' windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir *Andrew*, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my neice confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find, that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;

But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no: his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him; therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior *Fabian*, ſtay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more,

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the moſt skilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of *Illyria:* will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: *Fabian* can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey *Capilet.*

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't; —This ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds That now ſcarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

SCENE XIV.

Enter Anthonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defie you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your ſword up if you pleaſe. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke *Orſino*.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Tho' now you have no ſea-cap on your head.

Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy. I shall answer it.
What will you do? now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myself: you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.
Ant. I must intreat of you some of that mony.
Vio. What Mony, Sir?
For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my Having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.
Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. Oh, heav'ns themselves!——
2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.
Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.*

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.
Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!
Thou haſt, *Sebaſtian*, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.
1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.
Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Anthonio *with Officers.*
Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, *Fabian*; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love.
[*Exit.*
Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, ask *Fabian.*
Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.
Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.
Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.
Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Sebaſtian, *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! — he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. [1] I pr'ythee, fooliſh *Greek*, depart from me; there's mony for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe

[1] *I pr'ythee, fooliſh* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to ſay Bawd or Pander. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*, which words occur frequently in *Shakeſpear*, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens*, and *Henry* IVth. See the reaſon in a note on the former of thoſe plays: Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to *Geck*.

wiſe

wiſe men, that give fools mony, [2] get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, *Sir* Toby, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there; are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

[*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebaſtian.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

2 *get themſelves a good report after fourteen years' purchaſe.*] This ſeems to carry a piece of ſatire upon *Monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The Grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was ſuſpected that money gained favourable reports from thence.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam?
Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario:* ——
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
[3] This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in *Lethe* ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.
Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me.
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

3 *This ruffian hath* botch'd up,——] *i. e.* ſwelled and inflamed. A botch being a ſwelling or abſceſs.

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Maria, *and* Clown.

Mar. NAY, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art Sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir *Toby* the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would, I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, [4] as to ſay, a graceful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*; "for as the old hermit "of *Prague*, that never ſaw pen and ink, [5] very wit- "tily ſaid to a neice of King *Gorboduck*, that that is, "is: ſo I being Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for "what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir *Topas.*

4 *as to ſay, a* CAREFUL *man and a great ſcholar.*] This refers to what went before, *I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent*; it is plain then that *Shakeſpear* wrote, *as to ſay a* GRACEFUL *man, i. e.* comely. To this the *Oxford* Editor ſays, *rectè.*

5 *very wittily ſaid —— that that is, is:*] This is a very humourous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings are *ex præcognitis & præconceſſis*, which lay the foundation of every ſcience in theſe maxims, *whatſoever is, is; and it is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind.

Clo.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay, — peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

[Malvolio *within.*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the curate, who comes to viſit *Malvolio* the lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this man?
Talkeſt thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir *Topas*, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt ſathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with curteſie: ſay'ſt thou, that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas.*

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows tranſparent as baricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal.

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas!* —

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir *Topas!*

Clo. [6] Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would, he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my neice, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with* Maria.

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, *jolly* Robin, *tell me how my lady does.* [Singing.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool, ———

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay; —

Clo. She loves another — who calls, ha?

6 *Nay, I am for all waters.*] A phraſe taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.

Mal.

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio!*

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns reſtore: endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas* ——

Marry, amen. —— I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: It ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal.

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,* [Singing.
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another Apartment in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. THIS is the air, that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's *Anthonio* then?
I could not find him at the *Elephant*;
Yet there he was, and there [7] I found this credit,
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;—
For tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed [8] all inſtance, all diſcourſe;

7 —— *I found this* credit,] *Credit*, for account, information. The *Oxford* Editor roundly alters it to *current*; as he does almoſt every word that *Shakeſpear* uſes in an anomalous ſignification.

8 —— *all* inſtance, *all* diſcourſe;] *Inſtance*, for ſenſe; *diſcourſe*, for reaſon.

That

That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad;
Or elſe the Lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia *and Prieſt.*

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Clown, *and* Fabian.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: [1] ſo that, con-

1 *ſo that concluſions to be* as kiſſes,—] Tho' it might be unreaſonable to call our Poet's fools and knaves every where to account; yet, if we did, for the generality, we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous abſurdity have we here? the *Clown* is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in form. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

So that, concluſion to be asked, is

concluſion to be asked, is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would, you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good Play, and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. *Bennet,* Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but, as you ſay, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did reſcue me.

i. e. ſo that the concluſion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, *&c.* He had in the preceding words been inferring ſome *premiſes,* and now comes to the *concluſion* very *logically*; you grant me, ſays he, the premiſes; I now ask you to grant the concluſion.

Duke.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the ſmoak of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loſs
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* *Orſino*, this is that *Antonio*,
That took the *Phœnix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he, that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio He did me kindneſs, Sir; drew on my ſide;
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orſino*, noble Sir,
Be pleaſed that I ſhake off theſe names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ungrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf (pure, for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance;
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

SCENE III.

Enter Olivia, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the counteſs; now heav'n walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon—Take him aſide.—

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*,——

Oli. What do you ſay, *Ceſario?* Good my lord—

Vio. My lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as [2] flat and fulſome to mine ear,
As howling after muſick.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars

2 —— *as* FAT *and fulſome*] We ſhould read, *as* FLAT.

My

My ſoul the faithfull'ſt offerings has breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?
Oli. Ev'n what it pleaſe my lord, that ſhall become him.
Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,
[3] Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſie,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly;) but hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill.
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*
Oli. Where goes *Ceſario?*
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? *Ceſario*, husband, ſtay.

3 *Like to th'* Egyptian *thief,*—] This *Egyptian* thief was *Thyamis.* See *Heliodorus*'s *Æthiopics.* Mr. *Theobald.*

Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes up:
Be that, thou know'ſt, thou art, and then thou art
As great, as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what, thou doſt know,
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.
Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do proteſt——
Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Andrew, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir *Toby*.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir *Toby* a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir *Andrew?*

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one *Ceſario* ; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Ceſario ?*

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, *and Clown.*

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me : I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you ſhall hear more ; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't ; ſot, didſt ſee *Dick* Surgeon, ſot ?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir *Toby*, above an hour agone ; his eyes were ſet at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!

Seb. *Antonio*, O my dear *Antonio!*
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. *Sebaſtian* are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, *Antonio!*

Ant. How have you made diviſion of your ſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian?*

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:

Of

Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of *Meſſaline*; *Sebaſtian* was my father;
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, "Thrice welcome, drowned *Viola!*
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day, when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, 'till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am *Viola*; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maids weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady, and this Lord.
Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid, and man.

Duke.

Duke. Be not amaz'd: right-noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul;
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maids garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio*'s ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman! he's much diſtract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown *with a letter, and* Fabian.

[4] A moſt extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to day morning. But as a mad-man's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then, to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the mad-man——*By the Lord, Madam,*——
[*Reads.*

4 *A moſt* extracting *frenzy*—] *i. e.* A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

Oli.

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *Vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee, read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken Uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me, as you pleaſe: I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly us'd *Malvolio.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This favours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife;
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viola.
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding;
(And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,)
Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter,——you are ſhe.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?
Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame; how now, *Malvolio?*
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, *Malvolio?* no.
Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me, why?
Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria*'s hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which[5] here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,

5 —— *here were* preſuppos'd] *Preſuppos'd,* for impoſed.

Thou

Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The letter, at Sir *Toby*'s great importance;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir *Topas*, Sir; but that's all one:—*by the Lord, fool, I am not mad*; but do you remember, Madam,—*why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Duke. Purſue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence.—*Ceſario*, come;
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown

Clown *ſings.*

[6] *When that I was a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [Exit.

6 *When that I was,* &c.] This wretched ſtuff not *Shakeſpear's*, but the Players!

THE

COMEDY

OF

ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.

Antipholis *of* Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuse, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Ephesus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio *of* Syracuse, } *two* Antipholis's.
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuse.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Ephesus.
Luciana, *Sister to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

THE

THE COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PROCEED, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracuse*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and discord, which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,

Both by the *Syracuſans* and ourſelves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay, in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd;
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
[1] Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracuſa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,

1 *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: But it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment here put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of providence, [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*]

By

By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Thoſe (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragick inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,

And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm; and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came — oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,

Gave

Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreckt gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus:*
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap;
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
(Which Princes, would they, may not diſannul;)
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,

To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Train.*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and Jailor.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a *Syracuſan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn and dine with me?
Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.
Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.
Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;

You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt:
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the mony that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—ſix-pence, that I had a *Wedneſday* laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſadler had it, Sir; I kept it not,

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock;
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs;
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my mony;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd;
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;

But

But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks? what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou? [*Phœnix*;

E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the
She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my mony.
[2] They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
[3] As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;

2 *They ſay, this town is full of couzenage*;] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἔφεσια ἀλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus *Menander* uſes it, & Ἐφέσια γράμματα, in the ſame ſenſe.

3 *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye*;
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind*;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;] Thoſe who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs that the Poet intended, the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are inform'd, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtick. We ſhould read;

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind*;

And we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications.

Drug-

Drug-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like libertines of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my mony is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEITHER my husband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o' clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with wo.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in sky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls:

Man,

Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, did'ſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear. Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could under-ſtand it.

Luc:

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure, my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:

When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy miſtreſs!
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my maſter:

I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders:
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.

E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?

You

You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self harming jealouſie!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
[1] I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will

1 *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,*
Will loſe his beauty; YET *the gold bides ſtill,*
That others touch, AND *often touching will:*
WHERE *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
BY *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame*] In this miſerable condition is this paſſage given us. It ſhould be read thus,
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,

That

Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.

The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; "however, often *touching*, will wear even gold; juſt ſo the great- "eſt character, tho' as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be in- "jured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption."

Ant.

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſteſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats* Dro.
S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will [2] beat this method in your ſconce.
S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Doſt thou not know?
S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

2 —— *beat this* method ——] *Method*, for inſtruction.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given (*a*) them in wit.

[(*a*) *men*, *Mr.* Theobald—— Vulg. *them.*]

Ant.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in trying; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana

Adri. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
'That never words were muſick to thine ear,

‘ That never object pleasing in thine eye,
‘ That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
‘ That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
‘ Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy self from me:
For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy self; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.
[3] I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the Grime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

3 *I am possess'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of lust:*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read,
—— *with the* GRIME *of lust: i. e.* the *stain*, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over shoes in the* GRIME *of it.*

Keep

Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed ;
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.
Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not :
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you ;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio?*
S. Dro. By me?
Adr. By thee ; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee ; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I, Sir, I never ſaw her 'till this time.
Ant. Villain, thou lieſt ; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.
S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, [4] you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine ;
" Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine :
" Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
" Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate ;
" If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,

4 — *you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, for eſtranged.

" Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs ;
" Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
" Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks ; ſhe moves me for her theam ;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream ?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs ?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land : oh, ſpight of ſpights!
[5] We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf, and anſwer'ſt not ?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!

5 *We talk with goblins*, owls, *and elviſh ſprights* ;] Here Mr. *Theobald* calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe*, the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *Owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He, therefore, alters *Owls* to *Ouphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcretch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the *Italians* called Witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *Strega* from *Strix*, the *Scretch-owl*. This ſuperſtition they had derived from their *Pagan* anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of *Ovid*,

Sunt avidæ volucres ; non quæ Phineïa menſis
Guttura fraudabant : ſed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput : ſtantes oculi : roſtra opta rapinæ :
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus ineſt.
Nocte volant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes ;*
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta ſuis.*
Carpere dicuntur lactantia viſcera roſtris ;
Et plenum poto ſanguine *guttur habent.*
Eſt illis ſtrigibus *nomen :* —— Lib. 6. Feſt.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the Eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us ;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours ;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet ;
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him ;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold ;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe :
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this ?
E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir ; but I know what I know ;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow ;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.
E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear ;
I ſhould kick, being kickt ; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villian, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb.*—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this *knave* would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, [1] we shall have part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?

[1] — *we shall part with neither.*] Common sense requires us to read, — *we shall* HAVE *part with neither.*

For

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
[2] And, in deſpight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;

2 *And, in deſpight of* mirth,——] Mr. *Theobald* does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me.

There

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Houſe of Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love ſprings rot?
Shall love, in [3] building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;

3 —*buildings*,——] Mr. *Theobald* has here removed a ſuperfluous letter.

Bear

Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted :
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint ;
Be ſecret-falſe : what need ſhe be acquainted ?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word :
Alas, poor women ! make us (*a*) but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve :
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife ;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not ;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :)
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak ;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words' deceit ;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field ?
Are you a God? would you create me new ?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine ;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

[(*a*)——*but Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *not.*]

Oh,

Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thyſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And [4] in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.

S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.

S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luciana.

4 —— *in that glorious* ſuppoſition ——] *Suppoſition*, for the thing laid open.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn [4] a *Lapland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing

5 *a* Poland *winter:*] Folio reads a *Lapland* winter. Right.

like

like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir; — but (*a*) her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war [6] againſt her heir.——

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

6 *againſt her heir.*——] *Hen.* IV. of *France.* At that time the League was in arms againſt him.

[(*a*) —— *her name and, Dr.* Thirlby——Vulg. *her name is*] *S. Ant.*

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. [7] To conclude, this drudge of the devil, this diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. [8] And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till you return to me:
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me husband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,

7 *To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me,*] A little lower, he calls her *witch*. A word is certainly dropt out of the text. We ſhould read,

this drudge OF THE DEVIL, THIS *diviner,*——
Drudge of the Devil, is the right pariphraſis for a *witch*.

8 *And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power, of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: however the *Oxford* Editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint,* better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in.

Of

Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt myſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo, *with a chain.*

Ant. Maſter *Antipholis*, ——
S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.
Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the *Porcupine*;
The chain, unfiniſh'd, made me ſtay thus long.
S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?
Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.
S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the chain.
S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now;
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor mony, more.
Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*
S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets, he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o' clock,
I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus, *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain:

But

But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.
E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.
Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?
E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?
E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
E. Ant. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine*:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.
Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—
E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you, ev'n now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail.
But, Sirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe, *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;

Then

Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balſamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of *Epidamnum* ſtays for me?

S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtraight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's [1] meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

1 —— *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place,

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a (*a*) fury, pitileſs and rough,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the mony in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

[(*a*) — *fury*. *Mr.* Theobald, — Vulg. *fairy*.]

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men ſay,
That *Time* comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. THERE's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender mony to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,

And

And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; [2] he, that ſets up his reſt

2 *he, that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS-*pike.*] *Sets up his Reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortned their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which *Froiſſart* tells us was once fifty foot long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muskets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the musketeers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *Reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their Reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion; no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, *Shakeſpear* wrote,

a MAURICE-*Pike*,

i. e. a Pikeman of Prince *Maurice*'s army. He was the greateſt general

reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a *Maurice*-Pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis*.
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me,

general of that age, and the conductor of the *Low-country* wars againſt *Spain*, under whom all the *Engliſh* Gentry and Nobility were bred to the ſervice. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine Retreats, in which a ſtand of Pikes is of great ſervice. Hence the Pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

that's

that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone: but ſhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo? [go.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Courtezan.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The

The reaſon, that I gather, he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own door being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEAR me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you, 'twould ſound harſhly in her ears. ——

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a Rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* Dromio.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, [3] *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or

3 *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecie, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by *Buchanan* againſt

or rather the prophecie, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.——

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dromio.

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,

againſt the Lord of *Liddington*; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our Author would ſhew that he could quibble as well in *Engliſh*, as the other in *Latin*, I confeſs I know not. As for *prophefying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wife owner to ſay, *Take heed, Sir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, *Butler* hints, where, ſpeaking of *Ralpho*'s skill in augury, he ſays,

Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry ROPE, *and* walk, knave, walk.

And

And I deny'd to enter in my houſe ?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where, 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou ?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out ?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there ?

E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me ?

E. Dro. Certes, ſhe did, the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence ?

E. Dro. In verity, you did ; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries ?

Pinch. It is no ſhame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me ? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch.

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;

Bear

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Antipholis *and* Dromio.
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master Doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh, most unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!
E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil.——
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Antipholis, *and* Dromio.
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, *and Courtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo,* a goldsmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, *with his Rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy, they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis *and* Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.
S. Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I AM ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſie,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?
Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome Priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I'm ſorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr.

Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. [1] It was the copy of our conference.
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
'Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
'But moodie and dull melancholy,
[[2] Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?]
'And at her heels a huge infectious troop
'Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,

1 *It was the* Copy *of our conference.*] We are not to underſtand this word here, as it is now uſed, in oppoſition to an *original*; any thing done after a pattern; but we are to take it in the neareſt ſenſe to the *Latin* word *Copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would ſay, her reproofs were the burden, the fulneſs of her conference, all the ſubject of her talk. And in theſe acceptations the word *Copia* was uſed by Writers before our Author's time, as well as by his contemporaries. Mr. *Theobald.*

2 *Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?*] *Shakeſpear* could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt Editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious.

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude and wildly;
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.
Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholsome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbess.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Anon,

Anon, I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cauſe?

Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my huſband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,

He broke from thoſe, that had the guard of him:
[3] And, with his mad attendant mad himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave your ſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

3 *And, with his mad attendant* AND *himſelf,*] We ſhould read, —— MAD *himſelf.*

Adr.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcotch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.
Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.
E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

4 *To* SCOREH *your face,*—] We ſhould read SCOTCH, *i. e.* hack, cut.

E Ant.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me;
Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault; say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befal my soul,
As this is false, he burthens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised, what I say.
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him; in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain;
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By th' way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
'A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
'A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
'A needy,

'A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
'A living dead man.' This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine.*

Cour.

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;

I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:

Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;

And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*

And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;

And careful hours with time's deformed hand

Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;

But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon.

Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not: and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
' Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
' In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
' And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
' Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
' My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
' My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
' [5] All theſe hold witneſſes I cannot err,
' Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*-bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracuſan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er ſaw *Syracuſa*:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

5 *All theſe* OLD *witneſſes, I cannot err,*] I believe we ſhould read, *All theſe* HOLD *witneſſes I cannot err,*
i. e. All theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, *&c.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbeſs with Antipholis Syracuſan, *and* Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *Genius* to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'ſt the man,
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame *Ægeon*, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:
Theſe two *Antipholis's*, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance;
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
Theſe plainly are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamnum*.

What

What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me;
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.
E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's Error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty five years have I but gone in travel
Of you my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered:
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt [6] and gaude with me:
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's, *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio*.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:

6 ——— *and* GO *with me:*] We ſhould read,
——— *and* GAUDE *with me:*
i. e. Rejoice, from the *French*, *Gaudir*.

She

She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior:
'Till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus —— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

WINTER's

TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopsa, Dorcas, } *Shepherdesses.*

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in* Sicilia; *sometimes, in* Bohemia.

THE

[1]THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in Leontes's PALACE.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

1 *The Winter's Tale*] This play throughout is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, tho' agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *fancy's child,*
Warbles his native wood notes wild. Milton.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the Play, as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beſeech you ———

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence — in ſo rare — I know not what to ſay — we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my Underſtanding inſtructs me; and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their incounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves! —

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius:* it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE II.

Opens to the Preſence.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. NINE Changes of the watry ſtar hath been [2] (The ſhepherd's note,) ſince we have left our Throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, [3] may there blow

2 *The ſhepherd's note,*] *i. e.* I uſe the ſhepherd's reckoning.

3 ——— THAT MAY *blow*
No ſneaping winds at home, &c.] This is nonſenſe, we ſhould read it thus,
——— MAY THERE *blow,* &c.
He had ſaid he was apprehenſive that his preſence might be wanted at home; but, leſt this ſhould prove an ominous ſpeech, he endeavours, as was the cuſtom, to avert it by a deprecatory prayer.
—— —— *may there blow*
No ſneaping winds —— to make us ſay,
This was put forth too truly. ——
But the *Oxford* Editor, rather than be beholden to this correction, alters it to,
——— there *may blow*
Some *ſneaping winds* ———
and ſo deſtroys the whole ſentiment.

No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
" This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer Stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to stay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong,
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure [*To* Pol.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, [4] I'll give you my commission,

To

4 —— *I'll give* HIM *my commission*] We should read,
—— *I'll give* YOU *my commission*,

The

To let him there a month, [5] behind the geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: [6] yet, good heed, *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You ſhall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſie to commit,
Than you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:

The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, ſhews the neceſſity of it: For ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her husband a commiſſion to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to *Polixenes*, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking, to let or hinder her husband.

5 — *behind the geſt*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe*, and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt*: But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *Royal Progreſſes* the King's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the Herald's office, were called his GESTS; from the old *French* word GISTE. *Diverſorium.*

6 —*yet, good heed*, Leontes,] *i. e.* yet take good heed, *Leontes*, to what I ſay. Which phraſe, Mr. *Theobald* not underſtanding, he alters it to, *good deed*.

You

You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; [7] th' impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had not then croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. [8] Grace to boot!

7 ——— ——— *th' impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] *i. e.* ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven.

8 *Grace to boot!*
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay, &c.] *Polixenes* had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this obſervation the Queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptations* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot! i. e.* tho' temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no concluſion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and me devils, &c.

Of

Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.

Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongue-leſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon That.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
9 With ſpur we heat an acre, but to th' goal.
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me hav't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,

9 *With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th' goal:*] Thus this paſſage has been always pointed; whence it appears, that the Editors did not take the Poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpoſe*; but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus,

With ſpur we heat an acre, but to th' goal.

i. e. good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us.

Ere

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
" I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot ——— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me — my heart dances;
But not for joy — not joy. — This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs —— and then to ſigh, as 'twere
[1] The mort o'th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows — *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leo. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy
noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm? —— how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots
that I have,
To be full like me. —— Yet they ſay, we are

1 *The mort o'th' deer;* —] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. Mr. *Theobald.*

Almoſt

Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe,
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain.
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop — can thy dam — may't be —
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams — (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt Nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And That beyond commiſſion; and I find it;
And That to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia?*

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! —— My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*;
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exeunt* Polix. Her. *and attendants.*
Manent Leo. Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing husband. Gone already,
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go, play, boy, play — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play — there have been,

Or

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks, ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and [2] 'tis powerful: think it.
Many a thouſand of's have the diſeaſe and feel't not.
How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, *Mamillius* — thou'rt an honeſt man:
[*Exit* Mamillius.

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?

2 —— *'tis powerful: think it.*] After this there are four lines of infamous, ſenſeleſs ribaldry, ſtuck in by ſome profligate player, which I have caſhier'd; and hope no learned critick, or fine lady, will eſteem this a caſtrated edition, for our having now and then on the ſame neceſſity, and after having given fair notice, taken the ſame liberty.

They're

They're here with me already; [3] whiſp'ring, rounding;
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfie
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfie?
Let That ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-councels, wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord ——

Leo. To bide upon't; —Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining

3 — *whiſp'ring, rounding;*] i. e. *rounding in the ear*, a phraſe in uſe at that time. But the *Oxford* Editor not knowing that, alters the text to, *whiſp'ring round.*

From

From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game plaid home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
[4] Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo*,
(But that's paſt doubt, you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think it;)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name

4 Commas and points ſet right by Mr. *Theobald*.

As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign Mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, [5] were sin
As deep as that, tho' true.
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

5 —— *were sin*
As deep as that, tho' true.] *i. e.* Your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.

Cam.

Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bohemia*,——who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
Which ſhould undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner forme
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
[6] But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
Leo. I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy Queſtion, and
go rot:
Do'ſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint my ſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:)
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,

6 *But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,*
Maliciouſly, like poiſon:—] The thought is here beautifully expreſſed. He could do it with a dram that ſhould have none of thoſe viſible effects that *detect* the poiſoner. Theſe effects he finely calls the malicious workings of poiſon, as if done with deſign to *betray* the uſer. But the *Oxford* Editor would mend *Shakeſpear*'s expreſſion, and reads,

—— *that ſhould not work*
Like a malicious poiſon: ——

So that *Camillo*'s reaſon is quite loſt in this happy emendation.

Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady! but, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain

To

To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good day, *Camillo*.
Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i'th' court?
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſilisk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle;) I beseech you,
If you know aught, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
[7] To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my best blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name

7 *To* vice *you to't,*——] *i. e.* to draw, persuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *Tempter* to evil.

Be

Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear (*a*) this though over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure

[(*a*) *this though, Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *his thought.*]

Two days ago.—This jealouſie
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
[8] Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.*

[8] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious Queen;——] But how could his expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary it would increaſe her Huſband's ſuſpicion. We ſhould read,

—— *and comfort*
The gracious Queen's; ——

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the Queen's friend.

The

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mem. A ſad tale's beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt

The *Oxford* Editor has thought fit to paraphraſe my correction, and ſo reads,

——— Heaven *comfort*
The gracious Queen ;———

To

To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man———

Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard; —— I will tell it ſoftly:

Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! "There may be in the cup
"A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
"And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
"Is not infected: but if one preſent
"Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
"How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
"With violent hefts. —— I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.———
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
[1] He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I

[1] *He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;———] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar, concerning thoſe who were enchanted, and faſtened to the ſpot, by charms ſuperior to their own.

Remain

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.——
Her. What is this, ſport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.
Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,—
That mercy do's; for calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf.) Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
(From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be;)
She's an adultreſs.
Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,

He

He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile Principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; (as our ſex
Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my lords,

With

With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!—
Leo. Shall I be heard?——
Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me, for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.
Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.
[*Exit* Queen, *guarded*; *and Ladies.*
Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your ſon.
Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my [2] ſtable-ſtand where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.

2 ——*ſtable-ſtand*—] Stable-ſtand is a term of the foreſt laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. *Oxford Editor.*

Lord.

Lord. Good my lord,——

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations; they are coheirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill,) cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,

You

You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done, my Lord.
Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Paulina, *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the priſon, call to him:
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? *Emilia?*
Goa. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.
Goa. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil.

Emil. As well, as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is ſomething before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i'th' King! beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know,
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.
Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.
Goa. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no reſt; —— it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the Harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Atten. He took good reſt to night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.— Fie, fie, no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to night
commanded,
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;

[3] Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, ho?
Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.——*Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? can'ſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
[4] And would by combat make her good, ſo were I

A

3 *Honeſt, as either*; ——] *i. e.* whoſe ſubject is the Queen's innocence: otherwiſe there would be a tautology.

4 *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man, the worſt about you] *Paulina* ſuppoſes the King's jealouſy to be raiſed and inflamed by the courtiers about him; who, ſhe finely ſays,

—— *creep*

A man, on th' worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughte
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in That, as you
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To* Antigonus.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that [5] forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

— creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings: —

Surely then, ſhe could not ſay, that were ſhe a man, *the worſt of theſe*, ſhe would vindicate her miſtreſs's honour againſt the King's ſuſpicions, in ſingle combat. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

— — — — ſo were I
A man, ON TH' *worſt about you.*

i. e. were I a man, I would vindicate her honour, on the worſt of theſe ſycophants that are about you.

5 ——— forced *baſeneſs*] *forced* for unnatural.

Paul. So, I would, you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A neſt of traytors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's, and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! — This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands,

That

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.
Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands

Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
Lord. We can; my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither:
Leo. You're liars all.
Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel ——
Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my Lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs. ——

[*Exit, with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign

Our

Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open tryal. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily, *near the Sea-ſide.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
[1] Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. [2] It ſhames report.
Foremoſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence

1 *Fertile the* iſle,——] But the temple of *Apollo* at *Delphi* was not in an iſland, but in *Phocis*, on the continent. Either *Shakeſpear*, or his Editors, had their heads running on *Delos*, an iſland of the *Cyclades*. If it was the Editor's blunder, then *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Fertile the* ſoil, ———
which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading.

2 I SHALL *report*,
FOR MOST *it caught me*, &c.] What will he report? And what means this reaſon of his report, that the celeſtial habits moſt ſtruck his obſervation? We ſhould read,
IT SHAMES *report*.
FOREMOST *it caught me*,———
Cleomines had juſt before ſaid, that the *Temple much ſurpaſſed the common praiſe it bore*. The other, very naturally, replies — *it ſhames report*, as far ſurpaſſing what report ſaid of it. He then goes on to particularize the wonders of the place: *Foremoſt*, or firſt of all, the prieſts garments, then their behaviour, their act of ſacrifice, &c. in reaſonable good order.

Of

Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice——
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
[3] The uſe is worth the time on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Repreſents a Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, *Lords and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. THIS ſeſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly

3 *The* time *is worth the* uſe *on't.*] It ſhould be juſt the reverſe, *The* uſe *is worth the* time *on't.*
and this alteration the *Oxford* Editor approves.

Pro-

Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner.—

Offi. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but That
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, " and tyranny
" Tremble at patience.—You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding

To

To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only That I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,

Is,

Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my ſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:

But

But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,——
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, (all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father,
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here shall swear upon the Sword of Justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the Seals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaste*, Polixenes *blameless*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King shall live without an heir, if That, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offi.

Offi. Ay, my lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Seſſion ſhall proceed; this is meer falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King,—
Leo. What is the buſineſs?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.
Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. *Apollo*'s angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.—How now, there?
[Her. *faints.*
Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift Command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward,

Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V.

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.——

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What ſtudied torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing;
That did but [4] ſhew thee off, a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,

4 ——*ſhew thee* of *a fool*——] So all the copies. We ſhould read, ——*ſhew thee off, a fool,*—— *i. e.* repreſent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconſtant, *&c.*

More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt, O lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid!

Pau. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
'To nothing but Deſpair. A thouſand knees,
'Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
'In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
'To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterеſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Pau. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much

The

The raſhneſs of a woman ; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you ; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman ;
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children :
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon ;
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual ; once a day I'll viſit
The Chapel where they lye, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bohemia. *A deſart Country ; the Sea at a little Diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THOU art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſarts of *Bohemia ?*

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear,

We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o' th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife *Paulina* more.——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She

She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf, and thought
[5] This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lye, and there thy character: there theſe,
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins;—— Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. "I would there were no age between ten and "three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out "the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but "getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,

5 *This was* ſo,——] I rather think *Shakeſpear* wrote SOOTH, *i. e.* a truth, a reality.

" ſtealing, fighting ——hark you now! — would " any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two " and twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcar'd " away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the " wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where " I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. " Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? " [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very " pretty bearne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pret- " ty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: tho' " I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewo- " man in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, " ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work:" they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!———

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. " I would, you did but ſee how it chaſes, how it " rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to " the point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor " ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: " now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, " and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd " thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. [6] And then for the

6 *And then for the land-ſervice,*] Every one ſees the humour of this military expreſſion of *land-ſervice*; and how well it is adapted to the character. Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to *land-fight.*

" land

" land-ſervice — to ſee how the bear tore out his " ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and " ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to " make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap- " dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, " and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gen- " tleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both " roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would, I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. —— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo, let's ſee: it was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! ——

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſie. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the Bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, [7] and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times, that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be

7 —— *and leave the* GROWTH *untry'd*
Of that wide gap;——] The *growth* of what? The reading is nonſenſe. *Shakeſpear* wrote
—— *and leave the* GULF *untry'd, i. e.* unwaded thro'. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is reſtored. All the terms of the ſentence, relating to a *Gulf*; as *ſwift paſſage*,—— *ſlide over* —— *untry'd* —— *wide gap.*

In

In fair *Bohemia* ; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o'th' King's whom *Florizel*
I now name to you ; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now :
If never, yet that *Time* himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now ; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not

not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; [1] and my profit therein, the reaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: [2] but I have (miſſing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I

1 *and my profit therein, the* HEAPING *friendſhips.*] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read, REAPING *friendſhips.* The King had ſaid his ſtudy ſhould be to reward his friend's deſerts; and then concludes, that his profit in this ſtudy ſhould be *reaping* the fruits of his friend's attachment to him; which refers to what he had before ſaid of the neceſſity of *Camillo*'s ſtay, or otherwiſe he could not reap the fruit of thoſe *buſineſſes*, which *Camillo* had cut out.

2 *but I have* (MISSINGLY) *noted,*] We ſhould read, *but I have* (MISSING HIM) *noted.* This accounts for the reaſon of his taking note, becauſe he often miſſed him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that ſenſe, it is to be underſtood. The *Oxford* Editor reads, *muſingly noted.*

have

have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the Angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo* — we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Country.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then come in the ſweet o'th' year;
'Fore the red blood reins-in the winter pale.

3 *Why, then* COMES *in the ſweet o' th' year;*
For the red blood REIGNS *in the* WINTER'S *pale.*] I think this nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

Why, then COME *in the ſweet o'th' year;*
'FORE *the red blood* REINS-*in the winter pale.*

i. e. Why then come in, or let us enjoy, pleaſure, while the ſeaſon ſerves, before *pale winter reins-in* the *red* or youthful *blood*; as much as to ſay, let us enjoy life in youth, before old age comes and freezes up the blood.

The

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my (a) progging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. [4] My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon; and [5] my revenue is

4 *My father nam'd me* Autolicus, *&c.*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *the alluſion is unqueſtionably to* Ovid. He is miſtaken. Not only the alluſion, but the whole ſpeech is taken from *Lucian*; who appears to have been one of our Poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from *his diſcourſe on judicial Aſtrology*, where *Autolicus* talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the ſon of *Mercury* by the ancients, namely becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the Aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo *Autolicus* was a thief.

5 *my revenue is the* filly *cheat.*] *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of

[(a) *progging* — *Oxford* Edition — Vulg. *tugging*]

is the ſilly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. — A prize! a prize!

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee, —— Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wool too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine.— [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice —— what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers; three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace ——dates —— none — that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o' th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me ——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death ——

of the ſpeech conſiſts. I don't aſpire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a *ſnapper up of unconſider'd trifles.* But the *Oxford* Editor, who, by his emendations, ſeems to have declared war againſt all *Shakeſpear*'s humour, alters it to, *the ſly cheat.*

Clo.

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſevice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I ſhall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. " A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go " about [6] with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a

6 *with trol-my-dames:*] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes.

" ſervant

" ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for " which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly " whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. " His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue " whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make " it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, " he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs- " ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a [7] motion of " the prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within " a mile where my land and living lies; and, having " flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled " only in a rogue;" ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; —— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat

7 *motion of the prodigal ſon,*] *i. e.* the *Puppet-ſhew*, then called *Motions*. A term frequently occurring in our Author.

bring

bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, [8] let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Proſpect of a Shepherd's Cotte.

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April's* front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; [9] ſworn, I think,

To

8 *let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!*] Begging gipſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhew of an incorporated Body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled if he does not ſo and ſo.

9 ——— ——— *ſworn, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.] *i. e.* one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of coun-

To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.

countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. But the *Oxford* Editor alters it to,

——— *ſwoon, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

What he means I don't know. But *Perdita* was not ſo much given to *ſwooning*, as appears by her behaviour at the King's threats, when the intrigue was diſcovered.

One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Liſt up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants*; *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd*.

Flo. See, your gueſts approach?
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

She. "Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
"This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
"Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
"Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
"At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
"On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
"With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it
"She would to each one ſip." You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid

Theſe

Theſe unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.
Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, *Dorcas*—Reverend Sirs,
" For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
" Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
" Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
" And welcome to our ſhearing!
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. " Sir, the year growing ancient,
" Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
" Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o'th' ſeaſon
" Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
" Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
" Our ruſtick garden's barren, and I care not
" To get ſlips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. " For I have heard it ſaid,
" There is an art, which in their piedeneſs ſhares
" With great creating nature.
Pol. Say, there be;
" Yet nature is made better by no mean,
" But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
" Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
" That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
" A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
" And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
" By bud of nobler race. This is an art,

" Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
" The art itſelf is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. " I'll not put
" The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
" No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
" This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only there-
" fore
" Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
" Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
" The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,
" And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
" Of middle ſummer, and I think, they are given
" To men of middle age." Y'are very welcome
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. " Out, alas!
" You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January*
" Would blow you through and through. Now, my
faireſt friend,
" I would, I had ſome flowers o'th' ſpring, that might
" Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
" That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
" Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
" For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
" From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
" That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
" The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
" But ſweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
" Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroſes,
" That die unmarried, ere they can behold
" Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength; (a malady
" Moſt incident to maids;) (*a*) gold oxlips, and

[(*a*) *gold, Oxford* Editor—— *Vulg. bold.*]

" The

" The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
" The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe, I lack
" To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
" To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.
Flo. What? like a coarſe?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if, — not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In whitſon paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;
Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.
Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. [1] I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe

1 — *I think, you* have
As little skill *to fear* —] *To have skill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have reaſon to do a thing*. The *Oxford* Editor, ignorant of this, alters it to,
As little skill in fear, —
which has no kind of ſenſe in this place.

To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. "This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
"Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look (*a*) out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream:

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with——

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have [2] a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays, he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. She does any thing, tho' I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*

2 —*a worthy* FEEDING;] certainly BREEDING.

[(*a*) *out*. Mr. *Theobald*—Vulg. *on't*]

Do

Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings them over, as they were Gods and Goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the (*a*) ſleeve-band and the work about the ſquare on't.

[(*a*) *ſleeve-band.* Oxford Editor—Vulg. *ſleeve-hand.*]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damask roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould wear their faces?

faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well, they are whiſpring: [3] clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my mony?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the widwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*,

3 Clamour *your tongues*,] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The alluſion is humourous,

forty

forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.——

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to the grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo.

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the firſt choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Exe.* Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there are three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves [4] all men of hair, they call themſelves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe, that refreſh us: 'pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

4 *all men of hair,*] *i. e.* nimble, that leap as if they rebounded: The phraſe is taken from *tennis-balls*, which were ſtuffed with hair. So in *Henry* V. it is ſaid of a courſer,

He bounds as if his entrails were hairs.

Shep.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

[5] *Pol.* O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's ſimple, and tells much. ——— How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, " or the fann'd ſnow
" That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your proteſtation: let me hear

5 Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in anſwer to the ſhepherd's ſaying, *ſince theſe good men are pleaſed.* Yet the *Oxford* Editor, I can't tell why, gives this line to *Florizel*, ſince *Florizel* and the old man were not in converſation.

What

What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand,
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father

Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pry'thee, let him.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece

Of

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou coap'st with———
Shep. O my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone:
" [6] I was not much afraid; for once or twice
" I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
" The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
" Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
" Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.
I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,

6 *I was not much afraid*; &c.] The Character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished on the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education.

" Being

" Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
" But milk my ewes, and weep."
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.
Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir,
[*To* Florizel.
" [7] You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
" That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
" To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
" To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
" Some hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
" Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, This was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;

7 *You have undone a man of fourſcore three.* &c.] Theſe ſentiments, which the Poet has heighten'd by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs thro' them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of *Perdita*; and here ſupported, by ſhewing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three.*

Then,

Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.
Flo. Hark, *Perdita*———
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.
Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*
Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th' love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.
Cam Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualifie,

And

And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after That truſt to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair Princeſs
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
[8] The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What

8 *The which ſhall point you forth at every* ſitting,] *Every ſitting*, ſays Mr. *Theobald, methinks, gives us but a very poor idea.* But a poor

What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.
Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.
Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis Pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.
Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.

idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every fitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the King and Council. The Council-days being, in our author's time called, in common ſpeech, *the Sittings*.

Flo.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*———
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our Houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily*———
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt

of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Perd. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that Doubt.

Flor. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes.*———

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow.
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal That from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)———

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſs! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King
[*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea-ſide.
[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-

ceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. (*a*) If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Col. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; "who, I may ſay, is no honeſt "man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about "to make me the King's brother-in-law."

Clo. "Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off "you could have been to him; and then your blood

(*a*) Oxford Edition — Vulg. *If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do it.*

"had

" had been the dearer by I know how much an " ounce."

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this Farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's excrement. How now, ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, an it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, [9] therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the Court in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the Court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I

9 *Therefore they do* not *give us the lie.*] *Dele* the negative: the ſenſe requires it. The Joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie.

am

am therefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. [1] Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. "How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
"Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
"Therefore I will not diſdain."

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. "He ſeems to be the more noble in being "fantaſtical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by "the picking on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

[1] *Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant.*] This ſatire, on the bribery of courts, not unpleaſant.

Aut.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old Sheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, beſides the King to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; "and tho' authority be a ſtub-"born Bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold;" ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive———

Shep.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. "In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pi-"tiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your Pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how That may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to SICILIA.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heir-leſs it hath made my Kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Pau.

Pau. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.
Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
[1] Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?
Pau. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir,
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,

1 *Than to rejoice, the former Queen* IS WELL?] The ſpeaker is here giving reaſons why the King ſhould marry again. *One* reaſon is, pity to the State; *another*, regard to the continuance of the royal family; and the *third*, comfort and conſolation to the King's affliction. All hitherto is plain, and becoming a Privy-counſellor. But now comes in, what he calls, a *holy* argument for it, and that is *a rejoicing that the former Queen is well and at reſt*. To make this argument of force, we muſt conclude that the ſpeaker went upon this opinion, that a widower can never heartily rejoice that his former wife is at reſt, till he has got another. Without doubt *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— *What were more holy,*
Than to rejoice the former Queen? THIS WILL.

What, ſays the ſpeaker, can be a more holy motive to a new choice than that it will glad the ſpirit of the former Queen? for ſhe was of ſo excellent a diſpoſition that the happineſs of the King and Kingdom, to be procured by it, will give her extreme pleaſure. The Poet goes upon the general opinion, that the ſpirits of the happy in the other world are concerned for the condition of their ſurviving friends.

As

As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and on this ſtage,
(Where we (*a*) offend her now) appear ſoul-vext,
And begin, Why to me? ——

Pau. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.

Pau. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

[(*a*) *offend her.* *Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *offenders.*

Pau.

Pau. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina*; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Pau. Unleſs another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.
Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.
Pau. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent.

Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; [2] ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *ſhe had not been*,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Pau. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Yourſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.
Pau. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

2 ——*ſo muſt thy grave*] *Grave* for *Epitaph*.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair princeſs, goddeſs! — oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage

(At

(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs,
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not only my ſucceſs in *Libya*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

SCENE IV.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble Sir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,

Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has,
His dignity and duty both caſt off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſtning, in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves, as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leo.

Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
[3] Your choice is not ſo rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections.
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made — But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

3 *Your choice is not ſo rich in* WORTH *as beauty,*] The Poet muſt have wrote,

Your choice is not ſo rich in BIRTH *as beauty*;

Becauſe *Leontes* was ſo far from diſparaging, or thinking meanly of her worth, that, on the contrary, he rather eſteems her a treaſure; and, in his next ſpeech to the Prince, calls her his *precious miſtreſs*.

SCENE V.

Near the Court in Sicilia.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BEſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which

which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione* — her jewel about the neck of it — the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character, — the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother, — the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding, — and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old ſhepherd, who ſtands by, "like a weather-beaten conduit of "many Kings' reigns." I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches

the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreckt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that [4] which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece

4 *which angled for mine eyes.* [*caught the water, tho' not the fiſh,*] *was, &c.*] I dare pronounce what is here in hooks, a moſt ſtupid interpolation of ſome player, that angled for a witticiſm; and therefore have ſtruck it out of the text.

many

many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by [5] that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſ-

5 *that rare* Italian *maſter*, Julio Romano; *&c.*] Mr. *Theobold* ſays, *All the encomiums put together, that have been conferred on this excellent artiſt in painting and architecture, do not amount to the fine praiſe here given him by our Author.* But he is ever the unluckieſt of all criticks when he paſſes judgment on beauties and defects. The paſſage happens to be quite unworthy *Shakeſpear*. 1. He makes his ſpeaker ſay, that was *Julio Romano* the God of Nature, he would outdo Nature. For this is the plain meaning of the words, *had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile Nature of her cuſtom.* 2*dly*, He makes of this famous Painter, a *Statuary*; I ſuppoſe confounding him with *Michael Angelo*; but, what is worſt of all, a *painter of ſtatues*, like Mrs. *Salmon* of her wax-work.

covered.

covered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. " You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight " with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman " born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay, you ſee them not, " and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were " beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give " me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a " gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; " and there was the firſt gen- " tleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia.*

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and, I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow, if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O Grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; [6] therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[Paulina *draws a curtain, and discovers*
Hermione *standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,

6 —— —— *therefore I keep it*
Lovely, *apart.*——] *Lovely*, *i. e.* charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderness. The *Oxford* Editor reads,
Lonely, apart.——
As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*.

Which

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal piece!
There's magick in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon, it move.

Leo.

Leo. Let be, let be;
[7] Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. [8] The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but
[9] I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

7 *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The ſentence compleated is,

—— *but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*

But there his paſſion made him break off.

8 *The* FIXURE *of her eye has motion in't,*] This is ſad nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

The FISSURE *of her eye*——

i. e. the ſocket, the place where the eye is.

9 *I could* afflict *you further.*] If it had not been for the anſwer, one ſhould have concluded the Poet had wrote, *affect you*; however he uſes *afflict* in the ſenſe of *affect*. This is only obſerved to ſhew, that when we find words to which we muſt put an unuſual ſignification to make ſenſe, that we ought to conclude *Shakeſpear* took that liberty, and that the text is not corrupted. A thing the *Oxford* Editor ſhould have conſidered.

Paul.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move, indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe, that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſick.*
'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, ſhe ſtirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Untill you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.
Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court; for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for That;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; "I, an old turtle,
"Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
"My mate, that's never to be found again,
"Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,

But

But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: Both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King —— whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

KING *JOHN.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Salisbury,
Hubert,
Bigot,
} Engliſh *Lords.*
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Neice to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

[1] The LIFE and DEATH of KING *JOHN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chatilion.

King JOHN.

NOW, ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſie.

1 *The troubleſome Reign of King John* was written in two parts, by *W. Shakeſpear* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the preſent Play is intirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. *Mr. Pope.*

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey*'s ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Sovereign.

K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.

K. *John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſie.

K. *John.* Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion*.

[*Exeunt* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody, iſſue arbitrate.

K. *John.* Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us —

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,

Or

Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——What men are you?

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother, the Baſtard.*

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.
K. *John.* What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*
K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. *John.* A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.
K. *John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?
K. *John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much;——
Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he imploy'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores

Between

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth, he might; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's Will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
[2] Lord of the preſence, and no land beſide?

2 *Lord of* THY *preſence, and no land beſide?*] *Lord of thy preſence* can ſignify only, *Maſter of thyſelf*; and it is a ſtrange expreſſion to ſignify even *that*. However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We ſhould read,

Lord of THE *preſence,* ———

i. e. Prince of the Blood.

Phil.

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-skins ſtuft; [3] my face ſo thin,
[4] That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, "look, where three farthings goes!
"And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;"
'Would, I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

3 ——— ——— *my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look, where three-farthings *goes!*]
We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the firſt, and indeed the only Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time coin'd ſhillings, ſixpences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence: And theſe pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *Roſe* behind, and without the *Roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: The other intermediate coins, *viz*, the ſix-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *Roſe*. Mr. *Theobald*.

4 *That in mine* ear *I durſt not ſtick a* roſe.] The ſticking *Roſes* about them was then all the court-faſhion, as appears from this paſſage of the *Confeſſion Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des ROSES *par tous les coins*, i. e. *in every place about him*. ſays the Speaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-faſhions.

Phil.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. *John.* What is thy name?
Phil. *Philip*, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!
Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me ſo.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have his have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam; and come, *Richard*; we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.
Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but* Philip.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.

" Good

" Good-den, Sir *Richard*,——Godamercy, fellow;
" And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
" For new-made honour doth forget mens' names:
" 'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
" For your converſing. Now your traveller,
" He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
" And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
" Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
" My [5] piked man of countries;——My dear Sir,
" (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
" I ſhall beſeech you,——that is queſtion now;
" And then comes anſwer like an ABC-book:
" O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
" At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:——
" No, Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
" [6] And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
" Saving in dialogue of compliment;
" And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
" The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
" It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.

But

5 *Piked man.*] *i. e.* formally bearded. *Mr. Pope.*

6 *And ſo e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,*
SAVING *in dialogue of compliment.*] In this fine ſpeech, *Faulconbridge* would ſhew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worſhip*. He obſerves, particularly, that *he* has the Traveller at command; (people at that time, when a new world was diſcovering, in the higheſt eſtimation) At the firſt intimation of his deſire, to hear ſtrange ſtories, the Traveller complies, and will ſcarce give him leave to make his queſtion, but *e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would*—What then, why, according to the preſent reading, it grows towards ſupper-time: And is *not this worſhipful ſociety?* To ſpend all the time between dinner and ſupper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read SERVING inſtead of *ſaving*, and all this nonſenſe is avoided; and the account ſtands thus, " E'er anſwer knows what queſtion would be at, my travel-" ler *ſerves in his dialogue of compliment*, which is his ſtanding " diſh at all tables; then he comes to talk of the *Alps and Apen-" nines*, &c. and, by the time this diſcourſe concludes, it draws " towards,

" But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[7And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

" towards ſupper." All this is ſenſible and humorous; and the phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very pleaſant one to denote that this was his worſhip's *ſecond courſe*. What follows ſhews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were ſwallowed, which he calls *ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth*; and how acceptable it made men at court — *For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing*. And yet the *Oxford* Editor ſays, by this *ſweet poiſon* is *meant flattery*.

7 *And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no.*] A nonſenſical line of the Players.

Lady.

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon; and ſo art thou.
Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good *Philip.*
Phil. [8] *Philip!* —— ſpare me, *James*;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We knew his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Phil. [9] Knight, Knight, good mother——*Baſiliſco* like.
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

8 *Philip*, ſparrow, *James.*] I think the Poet wrote,
Philip! ſpare me, James.
i. e. don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a Family which I diſclaim.

9 *Knight, Knight, good mother*—Baſiliſco *like*] The words allude to an expreſſion in an old fooliſh play, then the common but of ridicule. But the beauty of the paſſage conſiſts in his alluding, at the ſame time, to his high original. His father, *Richard the firſt*, was ſurnamed *Cœur-de lion.* And the *Cor Leonis*, a fixed ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in the ſign *Leo*, is called *Baſiliſco.*

Lady.

Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge?*
Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement ſuit, I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lyes; I ſay, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the Walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure

And

And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. *Philip.* Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French-mens'* blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arrived;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion*, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier task.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-Queen;
An *Até*, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John.* Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace aſcend to heav'n.
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip.* Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!

England

England we love; and for that *England*'s ſake
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John*. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Philip*. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the bolts and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John*. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Philip*. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
His father never was, ſo true-begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace——

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a'may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides'* [1] ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. *Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.

King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. *John.* My life as ſoon.—I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,

1 *Shews*] Spelt right by Mr. *Theobald*.

Than

Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe're ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon.
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvis'd ſcold, I can produce

A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.
K. *Phil.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France*, for *England*.
K. *John.* *England* for itſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects———
K. *Philip.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle———
K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.

But

But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. *Philip.* When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.

But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war:
Tho' all theſe *Engliſh*, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. *John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.

K. *Philip.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——

Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)

K. *Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound, whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.

K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!

K. *Philip.* *Amen, Amen.*——Mount chevaliers, to arms!

Faulc. Saint *George* that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince

Sits

Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.

Auſt. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.

K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.

Their

Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens'* blood.
There ſtruck no plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands;
That did diſplay them, when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the Onſet and Retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at ſeveral Doors.

K. *John. France*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our Right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Philip. England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;

Rather

Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let Confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King?

K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. [2] A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this;
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears,——until our fears reſolv'd

2 *A greater pow'r, than* WE, *denies all this*;
Kings OF *our fears*,——] We ſhould read *than ye.* What power was this? their *fears*. It is plain therefore we ſhould read
Kings are our fears,———
i. e. our fears are the Kings which at preſent rule us.

Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Faulc. By heav'n, the Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?
K. *John.* Now by the sky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who ſhall be King of it?
Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why, then defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make

Make work upon ourſelves for heav'n or hell.
K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?
K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this City's boſom.
Auſt. I from the north.
K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroak or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch?*
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of Birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat, *(a)* oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a She:
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,

[*(a)*——*oh.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *of.*]

Whoſe

Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our Neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France*;
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls

Are

Are capable of this ambition;
Left zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. *Philip.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?
K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princeſs of the world.
K. *Philip.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.
Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young Ones? what ſay you, my Neice?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in Honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip.* It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. *Philip.* Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s Chapel preſently
The Rights of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know, ſhe is not; for this Match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.

Where

Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' Tent.
K. *Philip.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have, turn'd another way
To our own vantage.
K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Conſtance*;
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, Pomp.
[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;

That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
" The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
" Made to run even, upon even ground;
" Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
" This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
" Makes it take head from all indifferency,
" From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
False blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die,
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth I do beſeech you, mother, be content.
Conſt. "If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
"Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
"Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
"Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
"I would not care, I then would be content:
"For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
"Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
"Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
"Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
"And with the half-blown roſe." But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and to *John*;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone

Am

Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For Grief is proud, and makes his owner (*a*) ſtout.
To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.
[*Sits down on the Floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. *Philip.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.
Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.——
[*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child

[(*a*) *ſtout.* *Oxford* Editor——Vulg. *ſtoop.*]

Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Left that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow faſhood change!

K. Philip. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide:
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?

Been

Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

' *Auſt.* [1] Methinks, that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s fall

' Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

' *Faulc.* What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!

' My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!

' How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,

' Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain ſtrait;

' Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,

' Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages.—

' Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,

' Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,

' Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;

' And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

1 *Methinks, that* Richard's *pride* &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to *Auſtria* is no where ſpecify'd in the preſent play: nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of Act 2) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that *Auſtria*, who kill'd King *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the ſpoil of that Prince, a lion's hide which had belong'd to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt sketch of this play (which *Shakeſpear* is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with *William Rowley*) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our 'forſaid holy Father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. *Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John.* Tho' you and all the Kings of Chriſten-dom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe, that mony may buy out;
And buy the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,

Who

Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick;
And raiſe the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.
Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by diſjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.———
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Faulc. And hang a calve's skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe ———

Faulc.

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. *John.* *Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the curſe of *Rome*.
Conſt. *Lewis*, ſtand faſt; the Devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of [2] a new untrimmed bride.
Blanch. The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith;
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?
K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.

2 —— *a new untrimmed bride.*] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *that as untrimmed cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required*, it muſt be corrupt; therefore he will caſhier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the *Oxford* Editor; but they are both too haſty. It ſquares very well with the ſenſe, and ſignifies *unſteady*. The term is taken from Navigation. We ſay too, in a ſimilar way of ſpeaking, *not well manned*.

This

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo, jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf;
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
[3] Is yet amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
[4] But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure——
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;

3 *Is* NOT *amiſs, when it is truly done:*] This is a concluſion *de travers.* We ſhould read,

Is YET *amiſs,* ———

The *Oxford* Editor, according to his uſual cuſtom, will improve it further, and reads, *moſt amiſs.*

4 *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:* &c.] In this long ſpeech, the Legate is made to ſhew his skill in caſuiſtry; and the ſtrange heap of quibble and nonſenſe of which it conſiſts, was intended to ridicule that of the ſchools. For when he aſſumes the politician, at the concluſion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paſſage where he ſpeaks of the miſchiefs following the King's loſs of his ſubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew us how much better politicians the *Roman* courtiers are, than divines.

Elſe

Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour! ——

Lewis.

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.
K. *Philip.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.
Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty!
Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconſtancy!
K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.
Faulc. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.
Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.
[*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of *France*.
K. *Philip.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
K. *John.* No more, than he that threats. To arms, let's hie.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *Head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s head lie there.—
Thus hath King *Richard*'s ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Auſtria*'s blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Faulc. My lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John.* So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad, [*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will

5 *Some* airy *devil* ——] We muſt read, *Some* fiery *devil*, if we will have the *cauſe* equal to the *effect*.

As

As dear be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.
K. *John.* Couſin away for *England*; haſte before,
[*To* Faulconbridge.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: [6] the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry war be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.
Faulc. Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your highneſs: grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin.
K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faulc.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.

6 —— —— —— *the fat ribs of peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] The word *now* ſeems an idle term here. The antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our author, ſhews we ſhould read,
Muſt by the hungry war *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*.

Hub.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet, ——

But thou ſhalt have — and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
' I had a thing to ſay — but, let it go:
' The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
' Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
' Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
' To give me audience. If the midnight bell
' Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
' [7] Sound one unto the drowſie race of night;
' If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
' And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
' Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
' Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
' Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
' Making that ideot laughter keep mens' eyes,
' And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
' (A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
' Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
' Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
' Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
' Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
' Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
' I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
' But ah, I will not "——yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;
He is a very ſerpent in my way,

7 *Sound* ON *unto the drowſie race of night;*] We ſhould read, *Sound* ONE ——

And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. *John.* A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember:—Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

K. *John.* For *England*, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Philip.* SO, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
[8] A whole Armado of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.

8 *A whole Armado*, &c.] This ſimilitude, as little as it makes for the purpoſe in hand, was, I do not queſtion, a very taking one when the play was firſt repreſented; which was a winter or two at moſt, after the *Spaniſh* invaſion in 1588. It was in reference likewiſe to that glorious period that *Shakeſpear* concludes his play in that triumphant manner.

Thus England *never did, nor never ſhall*
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then poſture of affairs.

Pand.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverſe dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of *France?*
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order [9] in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
K. *Philip.* Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Conſtance.*
Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, and redreſs,
But that, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf;

9 ——— *in ſo fierce a* CAUSE,] We ſhould read COURSE, *i. e.* march. The *Oxford* Editor condeſcends to this emendation.

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. *Philip.* O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

K. *Philip.* Bind up thoſe treſſes; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To *England*, if you will.——

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more,

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.——

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
'Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
'Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man.'
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.

"And

" And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippr'y place,
" Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up."
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
" This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
" Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
" That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
" To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
" No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
" [1] No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
" No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
" But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
" And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
" Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
" Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*."

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already.
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,

1 *No* 'ſcape *of nature*,—] The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth*, an *eſcape of nature*. As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. But the *Oxford* Editor will have it, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

No ſhape of nature.

And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!——The baſtard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to ENGLAND.

A PRISON.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners*.

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot, and, look, thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to day;
In ſooth, I wou'd, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous (*a*) nature out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

[(*a*) *nature.* Oxford *Editor*——Vulg. *torture.*]

Arth.

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt——Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,

[1] I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n's ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may

[1] *I would not have believed a tongue* BUT HUBERT'S.] Thus Mr. *Pope* found the line in the old editions. According to this reading it is ſuppoſed that *Hubert* had told him, he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who ſays *he would*, is brought in as contradicting *Hubert*. Mr. *Theobald*, by what authority I don't know, reads,

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

which is ſpoiling the meaſure, without much mending the Senſe. *Shakeſpear*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

I would not have believed a tongue 'BATE HUBERT;

i. e. abate, diſparage. The blunder ſeems to have ariſen thus, *bate* ſignifies except, ſaving; ſo the tranſcribers, taking it in this ſenſe, ſubſtituted the more uſual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the ſenſe, as implying a tenderneſs of affection for *Hubert*; the common reading, only an opinion of *Hubert*'s veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon *Hubert*'s paſſions which could not be better done than by ſhewing affection towards him.

Give

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.———

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:
And like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,

For

For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert.* All this while
You were diſguiſed.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert.*
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
" To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue

" Unto

" Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
" To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,"
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome;
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. " In this the antique and well-noted face
" Of plain old form is much disfigured;
" And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
" It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
" Startles and frights conſideration;
" Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
" For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe."

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their [2] skill in covetouſneſs;
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more [3] in hiding of the flaw,
Than did the flaw before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,

2 ——*skill in* covetouſneſs;] *i. e.* coveting to reach a higher excellence.

3 ——*in hiding of the* FAULT,
Than did the FAULT——] We ſhould read FLAW in both places.

And

And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.
Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
(Both for myſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies;) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?
Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles (*a*) ſent:

[(*a*) *ſent.* Mr. *Theobald* —— Vulg. *ſet.*]

His

His paſſion is ſo ripe it needs muſt break.
Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.
K. *John.* We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!
Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which own'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
[*To the Meſſenger.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*
Meſ.

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idlely heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faul. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.

K. *John.* Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.

But as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear,
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. *John*. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. *John*. *Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. *John*. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;

And

And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*
K. *John.* My mother dead!

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.
K. *John.* Five moons?
Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
'And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
'And whiſper one another in the ear.
'And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
'Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
'With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
'I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
'The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
'With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
'Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
'Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
'Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
'Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
'That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
'Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
'Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.'

K. *John.* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* " [4] It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
" By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
" To break into the bloody houſe of life:
" And, on the winking of authority,
" To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
" Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
" More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect."

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.

K. *John.* Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
" How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
" Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
" A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
" Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
" This murther had not come into my mind."
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord———

K. *John.* " Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
" When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:

4 *It is the curſe of Kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at *Daviſon*'s caſe, in the affair of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and ſo muſt have been inſerted long after the firſt repreſentation.

" Or

" Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
" Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
" Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
" And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me."
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
[5] The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And

[5] *The dreadful motion of a* MURD'ROUS *thought.*] Nothing can be falſer than what *Hubert* here ſays in his own vindication; (yet it was the poet's purpoſe that he ſhould ſpeak truth) for we find, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entred into him*, and that, very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of *Arthur* had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. Nor is the expreſſion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceſſary quality of *a murd'rous thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting or terrible: For it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereſt, pleaſure, or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thoſe ideas to attend, ſteadily, to the conſequences. We muſt conclude therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— *a* MURDERER'S *thought.*

And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before a Priſon.

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*

And this makes *Hubert* ſpeak truth, as the poet intended he ſhould. He had not committed the murder, and conſequently the *motion of a murderer's thought had never enter'd his boſom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably juſt, and in nature. For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, loſe their force; and nothing ſucceeds, to take poſſeſſion of the mind, but a dreadful conſciouſneſs, that torments the murderer without reſpite or intermiſſion.

Oh

Oh me! my Uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
[6] Whoſe private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore, 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lyes here?
[*Seeing* Arthur.

6 *Whoſe private*, &c.] *i. e.* whoſe private account, of the *Dauphin*'s affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. Mr. *Pope.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pem. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand:
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand, By

By giving it the worſhip of revenge.

Pem. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.
Bigot. }

SCENE VI.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.

Sal Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*

Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoever ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.

Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike the dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the devil is come from hell.

Bigot.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such a rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.
Away with me all you, whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.
Bigot. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pem. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd so black——nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul——
Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread,
That ever spider twisted from her womb,

Will

Will ſtrangle thee ; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n ; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt ;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away the child,
And follow me with ſpeed ; I'll to the King ;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the Land.
[*Exeunt.*

7 A point ſet right by Mr. *Theobald.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign Greatneſs and Authority.
K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop the Marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurable inſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring Land.
On this *Aſcenſion-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*
K. *John.* Is this *Aſcenſion-day?* did not the Prophet
Say,

Say, that before *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Caſtle: London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lion in his den,

And

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. *John.* The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken, Wanton brave our fields,
And ſleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely ſpread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw, we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Dauphin's *Camp.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return

Return the preſident to theſe lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a Sore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſick of our Right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh, my grieved friends!
That we the ſons and children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger March
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,

And

And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.
Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
[1] Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
" My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
" Being an ordinary inundation:
" But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
" This ſhow'r, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
" Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
" Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
" Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors."
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
" Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
" That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
" Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
" Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping."
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As *Lewis* himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

1 *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect.*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to *Salisbury*'s opinion, (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: And the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. Yet the *Oxford* Editor, for *compulſion*, reads *compaſſion*.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Pandulph.

And even there, methinks, an angel (*a*) ſpeeds;
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of Right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and See of *Rome.*
Therefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;
That, like a Lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace:
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd Kingdom and myſelf;
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this Land;
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made

[(*a*) *ſpeeds.* *Oxford* Editor——Vulg. *ſpake!*]

His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vivè le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſie match, plaid for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war;
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook Conqueſt, and to win Renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:

And

And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dauphin* is too willfull-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.
Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd mask, and unadviſed revel,
This unheard ſawcineſs and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts

To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle.

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.*

K. *John.* This feaver, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the Abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago an *Godwin*-ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my Litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the French *Camp.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French:*
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They ſay, King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmonsbury*;
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true,
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.

In

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation, and devout deſires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
(*a*) Pight in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newneſs, that intends old right!
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French *Camp.*

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lewis. THE ſun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;

[(*a*) *Pight*. *Oxford* Edition——Vulg. *Right*.]

And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the *Dauphin?*
Lewis. Here; what news?
Meſ. The count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* lords
By his perſwaſion are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Godwin* ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſad to night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Faulc.

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*

Hub. Unkind remembrance! [2] thou and eyeleſs night
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *ſans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

2 ——— *thou and* endleſs *night*] We ſhould read, *eyeleſs*. So *Pindar* calls the Moon, the *eye of night*.

Hub.

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Orchard in Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling houſe,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon, which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry.

Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them (*a*) inſenſible; his ſiege is now,
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing: ——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off;
" And none of you will bid the winter come
" To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
" Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
" Through my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
" To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
" And comfort me with cold." I ask not much,

[(*a*) *inſenſible.* *Oxford* Edition—Vulg. *inviſible.*]

I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrowds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! —— but now a King —— now thus.

Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Faulc.

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his Cauſe and Quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.

Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal State, and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all Submiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a Spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
(*a*) Thus *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them! — Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[(*a*) *Thus.* *Oxford* Editor —— Vulg. *This.*]

The End of the Third Volume.